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PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

(Continued from p. 256.)

PLATE 33.—EAST VIEW OF SION.

THE view enjoyed from the castle of Tourbillon is magnificent, and extends over the Upper and Lower Valais. The spectator may embrace in one glance, the successive gradation of every climate, from the frozen summits of the Alps, to the fertile fields covered with the richest productions of the hot countries. It is from the entrance to this castle that the annexed view was taken. The mass of buildings in the fore-ground is the castle of Valerie; at its foot is seen part of the town of Sion. The plain of the Lower Valais which you traverse on leaving Martigny, and the unequal course of the Rhone, appear in the distance. On a small eminence at the extremity of the valley is also seen the castle of Bathia, formerly the residence of the Bishops of Sion, at the foot of which the traveller passes on his way to Martigny. The distant mountains which border the horizon are the Forclas and the Col de Balme, over which lies the road to Chamouni, and above them the peak of Argentiere and the Red Needles *(Aiguilles Rouges.)*

MISCELLANIES.

PL.34.—SENTIMENTAL TRAVELS TO THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

LETTER XIX.

(Continued from page 262.)

AT this moment, I do assure you, Edward, the man shamed our most celebrated actors: for no sooner had he taken off his cap, and set down his rusty musket in a corner, than his eyes sparkled with animation, and the impulse of genius quivered upon his lips. He placed himself opposite to me, and the dignity of his attitude and countenance formed a strange contrast with the performance of his poet,

which he recited with proper emphasis and with a most sonorous voice, without which the finest poetry makes no impression upon the heart. When he had finished his prologue, his brother caused me not less surprise by the unexpected vivacity with which he also transported himself from his military station into the sphere of his former art.

"My brother's prologue will be quite enough for you, sir," said he, "for it contains every thing that was represented in our play, and I will not detain you with my epilogue. It was indeed neither the one nor the other that effected the overthrow of our theatre; though they were afterwards used as a pretext for the injustice which a hypocrite, who was disturbed in his own part, did to us, to the creation of the world and the state of innocence. Towards the conclusion of the piece, when the sun, moon, and stars were to disappear, in order to prevent any disagreeable smell from their extinction, I went between all the rows of benches fumigating the house, and coming to the darkest corner in the rear, I perceived a couple of spectators who seemed themselves to have no wish to be seen, and manifested strong symptoms of discomposure when I approached too near them with my perfuming-pan. It was a young officer, and—conceive my embarrassment if you can—it was the same pretty creature whom I had before so innocently frightened in the company of M. Ducliquet. I clearly saw that she had at this moment more cause of self-reproach than all our *marionettes;* and yet these were destined to suffer more severely than she for her infidelity that night to her patron. The disappointment of the revengeful canon lay heavily upon us, and will never cease to oppress us as long as we are in this world."—"I hope not, for the sake of your distinguished talents," said I, interrupting the grenadier. "You are formed by nature for pathetic parts, and I trust that the oppression which has deprived the public of two such excellent actors, will not be of much longer continuance."

Here Bastian entered, to inform them that their supper was ready. At this intimation Prologue moved off; but Epilogue, warmed by my applause, entreated his brother to have patience a few moments. "It was very lucky, however," resumed he, turning to me, "that this scene was disclosed to me by the light of my censer, otherwise we should not to this hour have discovered the secret concatenation of our tragic history."—"Are we any the better for that?" growled his hungry brother.—"But now," continued the other, "we can now trace the cause of our misfortunes from the first hidden spring which set so many wheels in motion. It would now be easy for a poet to compose a tragedy from it, as regular as *The Conspiracy of Venice*, or *The Fall of the Empire of Babylon*, if we were but so fortunate as to possess a theatre wherein to perform it. The three unities, sir, of place, time, and action, are here, according to the rules of Aristotle, most intimately combined, and would be as sure to produce their effect as——"—The torrent of his erudition became rather too strong for me.—"You are the first person I

ever saw," said I, with a look of surprise, "who was able to arrange his misfortunes *secundum artem*, and even to weave like the spider a web from the material of his own life: nevertheless, I would advise you as a friend to defer the attempt for the present, lest, according to the rules of Aristotle--your soup should get cold."—"Oh, the unfortunate gift of loquacity!" ejaculated he with a sigh. "It has, like my evil genius, always stood in my way. It is this—why should I deny it?—that has deprived my brother and me of all the warm soups which we should have enjoyed--for, look you, sir, before I could return to my allotted place, I related to some of my acquaintance in the house the discovery which I had made in the corner; one neighbour whispered it to another, and every face was soon turned towards the abashed couple. On reaching the stage, instead of proceeding to the epilogue, I could not help communicating my secret, first to my brother, next to our poet, and then to the candle-snuffer. This took up some time, and I let the audience knock and thump before I entered to deliver my address. Alas! I had then no notion that it would be my last! This delay, sir, somewhat deranged many families in Avignon. Each of the spectators reached home half an hour too late, and the beautiful Clara among the rest. O sir, if our eyes could penetrate into the cabinets of the great, how different would be our judgment of the value of their time, and the influence which the loss of a minute often has upon the fate of empires! The critical hour at which the canon expected his favourite was past. He called, he inquired, he looked for her, and despatched all his servants, not excepting his cook, in quest of her. The latter, after having in vain sought her at her aunt's, accidentally observed the crowd of spectators quitting our theatre. He saw the pretty object of his search hanging to the arm of the young officer; he was soon made acquainted with the why and wherefore, and communicated the affair to his master with Heaven knows what additions. This lesson at least I learned on that occasion, that no Epilogue ought to be a gossip: the result proved how happy it would have been had I learned it before. The canon withdrew his friendship from Clara, and banished her the same night from his house. She was no longer allowed, like the poor man's sheep, to sleep upon his bosom and to eat out of his dish."—"Dear brother," said Prologue, whose patience was exhausted, "would it not be well if we were to sit down to ours while it is warm?"—"Do so," rejoined the other; "but don't interrupt me." He then proceeded with as much vehemence as ever:—"The rage of the canon now operated terribly upon us; he called up the fiscal, accused us as seducers of youth, caused our bills to be torn down, and revenged upon us poor innocent fellows, the pangs of his own jealousy in the most cruel manner. The officers of justice broke into our peaceful dwelling, seized our decorations, our puppets, and our papers——"—"I beg pardon for interrupting you," cried I—"your papers, did you say?"—"Yes, our papers," repeated he, wiping his

brow; "we saved nothing but what was in our heads, and never more beheld our comedies and tragedies, except when they were produced as evidence against us. Those passages which always received the greatest applause were underlined with red ink, and the fiscal had entered them in a list which he termed our criminal catalogue."--"So!" said I gravely, and my heart beat so violently that I was obliged to rise. "Go for the present; when you have supped, I will hear the remainder of your story."

I hastened from them into my library, to recover from the sudden consternation into which I had been thrown, in an apartment devoted to contemplation. Here, reclining my head against the book-case, I began seriously to consider of what I had just heard. The horrid fate that threatened my journal was present to my view. To a certainty, said I to myself, they will seize that as well as the parts of the poor puppet-players. They will consign it—I could feel my cheeks burn at this idea—to some judicial translator, and the most private particulars of your residence here, your silly pranks, and your critical remarks on the follies of others, will be trumpeted over the whole city. What in the name of Fortune would become of you, if the dean were to learn all your dogmatic transactions with Clara, and all the equivocal adventures of your memorable crusade, to underline them with red ink, to extract your bit of *haut goût*, which, diluted with twenty pages of sound reflections, cannot offend the most delicate taste, and submit it, compressed into a single leaf, to the tribunal?——Ye saints, ye martyrs of truth, in mercy divert from me this misfortune!—I formed one stupid project after the other, could discover no method of extricating myself, and at length was so frightened, that I could almost have followed the example of St. John, and swallowed my bitter book. Could I confide it to my sentinels? or should I conceal it about my own person or that of my servant?—These expedients, said I to myself, folding my arms, have been too frequently employed not to be dangerous. But what an inexhaustible source of contrivances is the heart of one in distress! Give it time, and it will discover outlets with which the most experienced runner is unacquainted. After some little consideration my perplexity vanished. I saw the place of safety that I sought, and that very near to me. A spot better calculated for the concealment of my persecuted work could not have been devised. The most crafty Jesuit, the most zealous inquisitor would have felt a horror if he had been obliged to approach this sanctuary, or to extend his consecrated hand towards it. You, who are so intimately acquainted with my ways, will have no difficulty to divine my hiding-place; but fortunately not a soul here knows me so well and is so cunning as you, not even the dean or the keeper of Laura's tomb.

I now calmly returned to my parlour, threw myself carelessly into the arm-chair, sent for my guards, and the more eagerly entreated the narrator to proceed with his tragic history, the more I had convinced myself in my soliloquy how useful it is to learn from the

example of a person who has already been punished, the course of that justice into whose hands one falls. "Would it not be better," resumed Epilogue with a question which attested the goodness of his heart, "if I were to drop the curtain over the conclusion of our pitiable fate, as I perceive that the beginning has made so deep an impression on your compassionate soul? Ah, sir! the excellent wine from which I am just come, seems to have rendered me more susceptible of sadness, and I would not answer for it but that the sympathy of misfortune——"—"Compose yourself," said I kindly to him, "and I will try to do the same. But let me beg of you to moderate your affected language, and to dispense with your tragic tone where it is out of place; for I am no admirer of tears and fainting fits."—"I will do my best," replied he; and to the great gratification of my ears, he pretty well kept his word. "Our theatre," continued he, in a more modest style, "was shut up. My poor brother and I, to the grief of the whole city, were consigned to prison, and our process commenced. We underwent nine examinations, but the gentlemen would not be convinced of our innocence. Long speeches were made *pro* and *con*, and dusty folios referred to, before the tribunal could decide upon our guilt. Thus were we shut up on bread and water for seven dismal weeks, before a definitive sentence was pronounced. At length, in the last sitting, the indulgent president declared, that, in consideration of our ignorance, the spiritual tribunal had determined to let mercy take the place of justice. Instead therefore of corporal or capital punishment, it imposed only a fine of three hundred livres, which we were to pay to the poor's fund of the cathedral; and to defray the expenses of the process, it had directed its understrappers to seize our effects. We were both thunderstruck at the announcement of this merciful sentence, which doomed us in smooth words to perish with hunger. We were not suffered to remonstrate; the president ordered us out of the hall, and we were conducted to our habitation to witness the execution of their mercy, as they called it. Ah, sir! if it were possible to die of grief, I should not have survived the day on which I beheld the produce of many years labour, the valuable collection of our mechanical contrivances, partly disposed of by public auction—but the principal figures sacrificed to the vengeance of our accuser! Brutus and Cato, Cæsar and Pompey, fell into the hands of the Jews. One broker bought the tree of knowledge, and another the moon and stars. The birds of the air and the beasts of the sea now became playthings for children; and, at the desire of the canon, our first parents were doomed, for their nakedness, as he expressed it, to the flames. And what other costume would have been consistent with the state of innocence? Prayers and entreaties were of no avail. They were both seized by the executioners, and the barbarians burned them before our own door. Excuse, sir, the tears which I cannot help consecrating to their memory. They forgot that these were but puppets—Eve, in the full bloom of female beauty,

and Adam—whom it was impossible to look at without recognising in him the sovereign of the world! The state of innocence is gone for ever! For this we have to thank the clergy. They destroyed—it is their way—the whole creation without remorse, to secure their own perquisites. The Gordian knot of our tragedy, the fine of three hundred livres, was still to be untied. The hero destined to cut it appeared. Figure to yourself, sir, if you can, our sensations, when there appeared at the bar before which we knelt —like a *Deus e machina*—the very same young officer who seven weeks before had witnessed so much at his ease our representation of the formation of woman, and who proposed to purchase us from the poor's fund. The bargain was struck before our faces. Betrayed, plundered, and sold, like our Cæsar and Cato, we were led away by the man of war, measured, clothed in rags which we should have scrupled to put on our Belisarius—and have ever since belonged to the papal guard. From the most paltry pittance that ever was allotted to the slaves of our profession, the barbarian who bought us deducts monthly one half till we shall have reimbursed the purchase-money. But he is likely to pay dearly enough at last for this human traffic; that is some consolation to us: for famine, it is to be hoped, will consign us to the grave before he has repaid himself for his odious advance."

"Bastian," cried I, wiping my eyes, "take care to let these poor fellows want for nothing while they are guarding me. Give them as much as they can eat, and when you fetch wine, ask for the communion wine; for in this accursed land I know it must be the best, because none but the priests partake of it."

The revenge which these poor creatures thought to take of their captain now gave place to a sweeter sensation. "God bless you, sir," said one of them, "for your generosity to a couple of the saddest merry-makers that ever existed!"--"The clergy," said the other, "have robbed us of all our treasures, except the genuine pearls that now drop from our eyes. We feel that we are not bereft of every thing—that we still possess hearts not unworthy of your kindness and regard."—"Rise, my good fellows," replied I, interrupting the torrent of their feelings, and extending a hand to each to raise them from the floor, upon which they had thrown themselves before me as before the image of a saint: "forget your misfortunes over the fresh bottle that awaits you. Much good may it do you; and remind Bastian, when he has provided what you want, to fill my inkstand." I looked stedfastly upon the two unhappy brothers, as with tears and smiles they turned from me, and returned hand in hand to their post; and then fell—truly not without reason—out of one melancholy train of ideas into another.

Here then, thought I, do I again find talents a prey to misery—happy people to sullen hypocrites—good-hearted creatures to starvation! O ye most unfortunate of all puppet-players! so, then, all the fine declamations and sentiments concerning generosity and compassion, which ye were daily accustomed to apply warm to the hearts of your

auditors, have produced no fruit! Not a soul then has thought of repaying you for a single one of the merry evenings, so many of which you dispensed with the sweat of your brows among your giddy fellow-citizens! So, then, your crying misery has not wrung from a single individual of your acquaintance one of those voluntary contributions for the purpose of prolonging your lives, which they once sacrificed without hesitation to an hour's amusement! O the fools! who must have poets and machinery and puppets to render the sweet fruit of humanity agreeable to their palates! who, while they throng to the theatre to weep over the imitated death of Ugelino, pass on the way with dry eyes by the wretch who needs no more than the price of admission, to be preserved meanwhile from perishing like him! Incomprehensible contradiction of the human heart, which, more powerfully moved by the delusion of the senses than by the most crying truth, cold and cruel towards the wretchedness of a fellow-creature, feels compassion only for that which is long past, and which is borrowed from the fables of antiquity! Ye martyrs of innocent mirth, continued my affected heart, apostrophizing the unfortunate brothers; as your unworthy countrymen have forsaken you, I will befriend you from my prison; and if it please God that I survive this night, ye shall to-morrow breakfast on the cakes which your ungrateful Theseus has so often carried past your longing eyes. How much am I indebted to you for so lively a picture of your wretched fate, which has moved me more than the most regular piece in a first-rate theatre! It has completely reconciled me to the petty vexation which has made you my guards. But, above all, ye have unconsciously rendered an important service to me, to my Edward, and perhaps to posterity, by rescuing my journal, which if it recorded your history alone would be instructive, from an ignominious end. This, I vow, shall not pass unrequited.

With these words, I raised my eyes with great emotion towards heaven; I felt that I was in the way to perform a generous action, and cannot tell you, Edward, what joy it gave me to see some good spring out of my complicated history with Clara. For thus much is certain, that but for my inquisitive sally upon her virtue and charms, but for my incursion into the demesne of the dean, but for my ardent zeal against the casuistical herd, I should scarcely have become acquainted with the two oppressed performers. How could I have relieved them? how could the generous thought have been developed which now warms my whole soul, and urges me to save two honest and well-meaning persons, who, if it please God, will doubly repay my kindness to nature and the world?

This smiling prospect, which I discovered in the back-ground, impelled me still more to cut my way through the wilderness which immediately surrounded me. But how was this to be done? The most essential point, as I conceived, was to secrete my papers. Without farther consideration I seized my journal, which would have afforded such strong evidence against me, rolled it up, and tied it with Clara's

blue garter, all but the sheet upon which I am writing, and then deposited it in the place to which I have alluded, and which you have already divined—the hollow plaster head of the good Rousseau. I was unable to suppress a smile when I had restored the bust to its former situation, and standing before it, compared the grave look that it cast upon me with the pranks that were concealed within it. I was obliged to force myself away from his bust, that I might put the thoughts of him out of my head, lest I should be infected with his gravity, which seemed quite unsuitable for my approaching trial. Owing, I suppose, to the mood into which Prologue and his brother had thrown me, I could not for a long time view my appearance before the tribunal in any other light than as a puppet-play. Had I continued in this humour, what would have become of me the next day! Fortunately, during my activity external and internal, I had not observed that my candle was burnt out, and I was left in the dark before I could call for another. While Bastian was engaged in providing a fresh one, I seated myself in my arm-chair, and in the three or four minutes which thus elapsed, my courage completely evaporated.

The examination that awaited me now assumed a far more serious aspect. The gentlemen who were to sit in judgment upon me, however I might view them as mere actors, seemed to me to take far greater pleasure in tragic pieces than farces. In the slow progress of judicial proceedings, as described by my guards, I had infinitely more reason to reckon upon a gaol fever than an acquittal. I could not deny that my transgressions were far more heinous than theirs, and that it would not require much ability to infer from the evidence that lay there against me, and from my own voluntary confession, a misdemeanour, of which even the high court of justice at Berlin, notwithstanding its love of mercy, would not venture to acquit me without a cabinet order to that effect.

The plan which the sacristan had suggested from ignorance of my circumstances, was opposed by the cheerless confiscation already pronounced by the dean upon all my effects. What then could protect me against the religion of my adversaries?—a religion which, contrary to all the laws of chivalry, deprives you of your arms before it has thrown down the gauntlet. I scratched my head again and again, and my forehead became more wrinkled than Rousseau's as I fearfully counted the few hours yet left me, after deducting those required for sleep, to prepare my defence. I felt more and more urgently the necessity of devising some feasible plan; but when I considered the difficulties attending the execution, I fancied myself lost beyond redemption. My courage gradually sunk, and of course, agreeably to the laws of gravity, my fears rose in the same ratio. Nothing but a miracle, cried I, in a kind of despair, can extricate me from this infernal dilemma. Thanks be to Chance, which suggested the exclamation! How happens it that frequently the most unmeaning word which drops from our lips makes so powerful an impression

upon the soul, and begets ideas and resolutions to which the utmost efforts of our understanding would not have conducted us?--A miracle? I repeated, and is it absolutely impossible to contrive one forcible enough to overthrow your opponents? I ran through all the stories of miracles that I was acquainted with, but none of them was adapted to my circumstances. If, said I to myself, you were to leap out of the window, it would certainly be a *miracle* if you did not break your neck; but granting you did not, what would that avail you? As you cannot leap out of the city, the people would soon overtake you, and deliver you up again to your old gaoler, while the dean and the *procureur* would adduce your attempt to escape as an additional evidence against you.

After proposing to myself many fresh schemes, all equally absurd, I at last hit upon one on which I build the greatest expectations of success, though I cannot deny that even in this stupid country the adventure is a bold one. At present I cannot enter into the details of it; but I must say a few words concerning one of the persons whom I mean to bring into action, that you may not be too much alarmed when he appears—I mean the canon, whose attendance I have requested in a note to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, to witness the supernatural event. His presence is so necessary for my purpose, that I retract the precipitate opinion expressed in former letters of his unfitness for business of any kind. A nearer acquaintance with him, through the loquacity of my guard, now exhibits him to me in a light which completely eclipses both the bookseller and the sacristan. Hitherto, I confess, I have unjustly regarded him as nothing more than a vain, superstitious simpleton; and I could not help wondering how the Bishop of Nismes could with a good conscience have recommended me to a being so insignificant. Now, however, that Epilogue has pictured him as a vicious, lascivious, revengeful, and timorous man, who can ride his high horse when another holds the bridle for him, the recommendation of the good bishop seems highly judicious; and I should be an enemy to myself if I were to hesitate any longer to employ these qualities, and a character so consistent with the public spirit prevailing here, in order to vanquish my persecutors with their own weapons. Let none then presume to say, that this or the other person is fit for nothing. Even the toad, from which you turn with disgust, serves to absorb poisonous exhalations pernicious to health; and must you not consider every beggar who excites your compassion as your benefactor, if you delight in benevolent feelings? Tell me candidly, if people destitute of virtue, talent, and taste, do not afford the best food to your hungry pride? if the comparison of their defects with your perfections does not enliven many an hour? and if it is not more grateful to your weak eyes to look at the darkness of those who stand below you, than at their brilliancy, whom industry, nature, and education have made your equals, or raised above you? I have now no time to pursue this theme; but I wish, Edward, that some man of genius would take up the sub-

ject: for I have some indistinct notion, that, with a little reflection upon it, we should easily get into the right way not to despise any of our fellow-creatures, and to preserve friendship with the whole world.

I have just received an answer from the canon, to whom I am indebted for this philanthropic digression. He will be here at the appointed hour. Now indeed I think I must have learned very little of the puppet-players, if the business does not turn out as I could wish. One thing yet remains to be done, that is, to transfer my defence from my head to paper, and from the paper to my head again, before I can retire to rest with the certainty of seeing the whole rascally set to-morrow at my feet.

THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

"My dear Augustus," cried Frederic Sternheim to his cousin Walstein, "I have just done something which I fear you will be displeased with."

"Then do not tell it to me."

"Oh! I must; I could not live in peace if I concealed any thing from you: did not my poor uncle with his last breath enjoin us to live together as if we had only one heart between us?"

Walstein was sensibly affected at this mention of a father whom he had tenderly loved, and whose memory he venerated even with enthusiasm. "You are right, dear Frederic," said he, pressing the hand of his young cousin.

Sternheim returned the pressure, but continued silent; nor was it till Augustus had repeatedly begged of him to speak, that he hesitatingly acknowledged he had given Madame Weimar reason to believe he loved her.

"Dear Frederic, how could you be so incautious? how often have I told you she is the last woman upon earth whom you ought to think of for a wife?"

"I see her foibles, Augustus, as clearly as you do, but I am certain that they are not incurable; and you yourself must acknowledge, that they are more, much more than balanced by her virtues."

"I acknowledge no such thing. I do not deny that she is said to possess some amiable qualities, but they are wholly obscured by her extravagance and her love of admiration."

"Do not say so, for Heaven's sake! do not speak thus of a woman whom honour will compel me to make my wife!"

On hearing these words, which Frederic pronounced with great vehemence, Augustus was evidently shocked, and for some time continued silent; at last he said, "Tell me, my friend, how, in Heaven's name, has all this been brought about?"

"I cannot tell you, in truth I do not know myself how the declaration of my passion escaped me, for until yesterday I followed your advice of shunning her as much as I decently could; but yesterday business obliged me to go to her fa-

ther's; the servant shewed me, by mistake as I suppose, into an apartment where she was sitting alone: she was evidently dejected, and appeared confused at seeing me. She spoke of my absence; I attempted to excuse it under pretence of business: it was easy to perceive by her answer, that she was aware it was only a pretence. Her allusions to the past, the tenderness of her looks, and the thought that I had given her some reason to complain, conquered my prudence and resolution; in short, I acknowledged that I loved her, and had long loved her."

"And what reply——"

"Before she could utter one her father entered."

"Would to Heaven he had come sooner! But it is of no use now," continued Walstein, laying, in spite of himself, a strong emphasis on the *now*, "to look back; the future is all you have to think of. Your affairs will not admit of an immediate marriage; it is your duty, as an honest man, to inform Madame Weimar of this, and to tell her also, that if she becomes your wife, she must not expect to live in the style she did during her late husband's lifetime. If she loves you, she will willingly consent to such regulations as the moderate state of your fortune renders necessary; if she does not, you can have no hesitation in breaking with her directly."

"Dear Walstein, I cannot believe she will oppose any thing reasonable."

Walstein sighed, but he made no reply, and Frederic soon left him, with a heart much lightened by the disclosure he had made.

Sternheim was just five years younger than Augustus, with whom he had been brought up, and whom he loved as a brother. Mr. Walstein, the father of Augustus, was the uncle of Frederic; he had a more than common affection for his nephew, who was the child of his favourite sister; he spared no pains in his education, and he had the satisfaction to see that those pains were well bestowed.

In one respect only Frederic disappointed the hopes and expectations of Mr. Walstein: his understanding was good, his heart and his temper were excellent, but he was unfortunately deficient in firmness of character. His uncle vainly tried to remedy this single defect, of the ill consequence of which he was fully aware. Frederic's affection for his cousin, however, relieved in some degree the apprehensions of his anxious uncle, for Augustus, independent of his superiority of age, was eminently fitted by nature to be the guide and adviser of Frederic. For this reason the worthy Walstein encouraged as much as possible the brotherly love which subsisted between the youths: he solemnly bequeathed Frederic to the care of his son, and he earnestly conjured both, not to suffer any circumstance to interrupt the friendship which subsisted between them.

At the period of which we are speaking Mr. Walstein had been dead just three years. Frederic was nearly twenty-two; his parents, who both died when he was about fifteen, left their property, which was but moderate, so much involved, that it would not be quite clear before Frederic attained his twenty-fourth year. More than once

since the death of his uncle, young Sternheim had been guilty of pecuniary imprudencies, but owing to the watchful care of his cousin, he had hitherto avoided any serious entanglements.

Some months before the conversation which we have just related, Frederic had first seen and been captivated with the charms of Madame Weimar. She was a widow, and nearly of his own age. When little more than sixteen, she had been united by her parents to Mr. Weimar, a man old enough to be her grandfather, who doated on her to the greatest excess. Her conduct as a wife had been irreproachable, but unfortunately the weak indulgence of her husband strengthened her ruling foibles, which were vanity and extravagance.

During the life of Mr. Weimar they lived in splendour; he had a place at court which brought him a large income, and though it was his sole dependence, he saved nothing from it. His death consequently reduced his widow to comparative poverty; she returned to the house of her father, who was far from affluent, and she was obliged to restrict her expenses within very narrow bounds.

Soon after she removed to her father's she became acquainted with Frederic, on whose heart her beauty and fascinating manners soon made a deep impression. Frederic was handsome and amiable, and the young widow soon participated in the passion she had raised, but before any declaration had taken place Augustus interfered: though personally a stranger to Madame Weimar, he was acquainted with her character, and his vehement opposition to the match had induced Frederic to act with a degree of reserve which gave inexpressible pain to Madame Weimar. Chance, however, had now broken the barrier, and Augustus, as a man of honour, was fully sensible, from his cousin's account of what had passed between him and his Amelia, that there was no way of avoiding the marriage if she was inclined to accept him.

At Walstein's own desire he was the next day introduced to Madame Weimar, who, sensible of the influence he possessed over the mind of his cousin, endeavoured to receive him in such a manner as should prepossess him in her favour. Without effort she would probably have succeeded, but, as is often the case, her over-anxiety to please produced an opposite effect: Walstein found her manners constrained and artificial, and he quitted her with his prejudices against her rather strengthened than abated.

From that time, however, he visited her frequently in company with his friend, but during a period of some weeks neither the fair widow nor himself advanced in the good graces of each other; his coldness and taciturnity impressed her with a belief that he was haughty and insensible, and their mutual dislike was only restrained by the affection which both bore to Frederic from openly manifesting itself.

While matters were in this state, a distant relation of Sternheim's, who had been many years settled in England, finding himself in a declining state, and having lost his wife and children, wrote to Frederic, desiring to see him in London;

and intimating, that if his character and disposition should turn out such as he approved, he would make him his heir.

This letter raised a conflict of passions in the breast of Sternheim; he was overjoyed at the prospect which opened to him of supporting his beloved Amelia in a style more worthy of her merits than his own limited fortune would afford, but this joy was cruelly damped by the thought of being obliged to quit her for an uncertain, perhaps a long period. In order to prevent the possibility of any thing happening during his absence to separate them, he was desirous of marrying her before he set out for England, but this step was prevented by the arguments and entreaties of Augustus; and after a thousand vows of fidelity and tenderness, the half-distracted Frederic tore himself from the arms of his beloved, and commenced his journey.

His last words to Augustus were, "Take care of my Amelia; to your friendship I leave her; and, oh! remember, that more than my life is in your keeping!" Deeply moved at parting for the first time in his life with his friend, Augustus went the morning after Frederic's departure to visit Madame Weimar. She was alone when he entered, and though she received him with a forced smile, he saw she had been weeping. In spite of his prejudices, she appeared to Walstein an object of interest; he addressed her with respectful tenderness, and this behaviour, so different from his usual manner, caused her tears to stream afresh. Walstein eagerly strove to console her; for the first time coldness and reserve were banished; they talked of Frederic; Amelia owned all her apprehensions for his safety and his fidelity, and Augustus combated them so ably, that he left her consoled and almost cheerful.

"How wrong, how very wrong I have been," said he mentally as he quitted her, "to suffer my prejudices against Amelia to carry me so far! I am glad now that I did not succeed in detaching Frederic from her, for I see that her heart is wholly his, and with proper management she will, I doubt not, make him an excellent wife."

From that time he visited Amelia every day, and every visit tended to prepossess him still more in her favour; she had cast off the artificial manner which so much disgusted him, and received him with the ease and kindness of a sister. For a long time Augustus believed that he beheld her only with the sentiments due to the future wife of his friend, and perhaps it was her own fault that they ever became warmer; but she was so delighted at conquering the prejudice which he had conceived against her, that she exerted all her powers of captivation with no other intention than that of making him her friend; and she was too lovely, too fascinating, not to inspire a warmer sentiment than friendship in the bosom of a man of sensibility, who daily passed a part of his time with her.

Augustus had naturally violent passions; his heart had never before been touched, and he now loved to an excess, of which those only who have been themselves the victims of passion can form an idea. He strove, however, to repress all external symptoms of his love, and

Amelia was too much occupied with the idea of Frederic to perceive it. Week after week passed without bringing tidings from Frederic. At first Amelia was almost distracted for his safety, but she learned from authority which she could not doubt, that he was well, and that he had been seen in public with a beautiful young lady.

This information roused all the pride of Amelia; she affected to speak of Sternheim with indifference. Augustus, though he execrated himself for it, could not help listening to her with pleasure; nevertheless, honour and friendship got so far the mastery of love, that he wrote a long and touching letter to Frederic, in which he painted the misery Amelia had endured while uncertain of his safety, and besought him to clear the mystery of his conduct.

More than the regular time had passed in which he ought to have received an answer to his letter, but no answer came, and he began to hope that none would come.

He was sitting one day conversing with Amelia in a summer-house in her garden; they were talking of Frederic. Amelia professed herself certain of his infidelity, and affected to speak of it with a degree of indifference which threw Walstein off his guard; he dropped some expressions of his own attachment. Astonished and indignant, Amelia rose to go; but Walstein, now rendered desperate, caught her hand, and throwing himself at her feet, began in the most impetuous terms to plead his passion. Amelia struggled in vain to release her hand, but as she was commanding him to let her go, the door of the summer-house burst open, and Sternheim entered, his eyes sparkling with rage, while the violence of his emotion rendered him almost unable to articulate.

Walstein shrunk from the sight of his injured friend with horror; but Sternheim's attention was diverted from him by Amelia's falling senseless on the ground. He sprang forward to assist her, and so at the same moment did Walstein; but the latter almost instantly recollecting himself, flew out of the summer-house, and, scarcely knowing whither he went, returned home. The sight of his injured friend had roused all the best feelings of his nature, and shame, remorse, and the pangs of disappointed love, nearly drove him distracted.

From this state of mental agony he was roused by a letter from Sternheim, who upbraided him in the bitterest terms for his treachery, and charged him with having seduced the affections of Amelia.— "She refuses," continued he, "to listen to my vindication; she will not even see me, and it is you, apostate as you are to honour and friendship, who have done this: but think not that you shall triumph in the ruin of my peace; no! it is through my heart's blood only that you shall arrive at the possession of Amelia's hand. Meet me then immediately. The friend who conveys this will settle the place and the weapons. You shall either take the life which your treachery has rendered of no value, or make me by your blood the only atonement my injured honour can receive."

To this letter Walstein returned the following reply:

"Yes, Frederic, you have named me rightly; I am indeed a traitor to honour and to friendship, but I have not alienated from you the affections of your Amelia; her faith in your fidelity is shaken, but her heart I firmly believe is still your own. The fatal moment in which you surprised us was the first in which I dared to breathe my passion to her ear: would it had also been the last of my existence! What is the amends which you demand? Ah! if my blood could atone for the injury I meditated doing you, you should have it freely; but I know your heart—the moment in which you sacrificed my life to your just resentment would be the last of your peace; and vile as I am, I cannot lift my hand against you. Farewell then, Frederic, for ever! Amelia and happiness will still be yours; and, oh! believe, that you are sufficiently revenged in the pangs which at this moment agonize the heart of

"WALSTEIN."

That night Walstein secretly quitted Vienna; and when the first violence of Frederic's rage had subsided, he was sincerely rejoiced that his cousin had refused him the satisfaction he demanded. He soon convinced Amelia that he had never even in thought been forgetful of his vows. The relation he visited in England had a young and beautiful ward, to whom he was desirous of marrying Sternheim. Frederic ingenuously avowed his pre-engagement; and finding that he could not be prevailed upon to break it, his relation intercepted his letters, in the hope of persuading him that Madame Weimar was faithless. Frederic wrote repeatedly, but finding that he had no answers to any of his letters, he resolved to end a suspense which he could no longer bear, at all hazards; and quitting London abruptly, without taking any leave of his relation, he hastened home. He travelled without allowing himself any respite, till he reached the house of Mr. Weimar, who was absent, but he learned from the servant that Amelia and Walstein were together in the garden. He would not suffer his arrival to be announced, but hastened to the summer-house: before he reached it, the voice of Walstein, expressing in the most passionate terms his love for Amelia, caught his ear, and almost rooted him to the spot; his first impulse was to hear Amelia's reply, but he found it impossible to contain himself, and he rushed in while Walstein was still speaking.

No sooner were the lovers reconciled than Sternheim pressed Amelia to an immediate marriage, nor did she refuse to comply with a request, which, if prudence had been consulted, would not have been made, for nearly a year must yet elapse before the property of Sternheim would be clear; and his relation in England was so offended by his abrupt departure, that he bequeathed all his property to his ward. Fortune, however, was a consideration beneath the care of our lovers; they were united, and for some time they found a terrestrial paradise in the society of each other.

But there was now no watchful monitor to ward off the ill effects of the husband's thoughtlessness and the wife's extravagance: it was not that Amelia intended to be profuse, for she lived in what she thought a

moderate manner; but she forgot, that what might have been moderation if she had practised it in the lifetime of her first husband, was downright profusion with so limited an income as that of Sternheim. She knew indeed that her husband possessed only a moderate fortune, but she had never asked, nor did he tell her, its exact amount; and though he saw even from the first that her expenses exceeded their means, he was too much intoxicated with love and happiness to suffer a thought of pecuniary matters to disturb his felicity.

But the time soon came in which he was obliged to think and to talk of them; he found that his property was getting deeply involved, and his tradesmen were importunate for payment; it became necessary to raise a supply, and he had no resource but to apply to a Jew.

One of the tribe of Israel, who had lately settled at Vienna, had offered him the refusal of some trinkets which were to be sold at a moderate price; he had bought some of them for Amelia; and he determined to apply to this man, whose name was Isaac, to lend him the sum he wanted, or put him in the way to get it.

Isaac professed his inability to do the latter, but he offered to accommodate him with the money himself: the terms, however, which he asked were so exorbitant that Frederic at first shrunk from complying with them, though at last his necessities obliged him to accede to them; but he determined to talk seriously to his wife, and to represent to her the absolute necessity of retrenchment.

But though he felt the necessity of this step, he yet dreaded to take it; and it was not without much confusion and hesitation that he at length unfolded to his Amelia the deranged state of his affairs. The moment, however, that she understood retrenchment was necessary, she willingly offered to make any sacrifice he pleased.

He caught her to his bosom with transport, and told her he left every thing to her own prudence; but, alas! he could not have left her to a worse guide: her intentions were good, but her judgment was bad; the retrenchments which she made were consequently partial, and of so little effect, that Frederic was forced to renew his visits to the Jew, whose terms this time were more exorbitant than at first.

Three years had elapsed since the marriage of Sternheim; his ruin was nearly completed; and to add to his misfortune, Amelia was for the first time in the way to become a mother. This circumstance ought to have strengthened his resolution to save something from the wreck, but it only furnished him with an excuse to himself for avoiding, till after her accouchement, to retire to that humble obscurity in which alone he could hope to exist.

Amelia meanwhile, though she was insensible of the extent of their difficulties, was yet unhappy from a cause which she did not dare to intrust to her husband; she had private debts to a considerable amount for dress, and the patience of her tradespeople was nearly exhausted.

Hitherto she had cautiously avoided gaming, but one night she was drawn in to play deeper than she expected, and she rose the winner of a considerable sum.

Highly elated at her success, she

destined the money, as far as it would go, to pay her private debts; but as she was rising from the table, her opponent demanded his revenge, which she could not refuse to give him, and the following night was appointed for it.

Amelia's adversary was a young baron of the most dissolute principles; he had long secretly admired her, but hitherto no feasible means of getting her into his power presented itself; he saw indeed that she was fond of general admiration, but he saw too, that though indiscreet she was virtuous, and he feared that an avowal of his passion would be rewarded by an instant dismission from her presence: but if once he could entangle her in a love of gaming, the way to the possession of her person would then he thought be clear, and he perceived with diabolical exultation that it would not be difficult to inspire her with a fondness for cards.

As it was impossible for him to effect his scheme without a confidant, he fixed upon one even more unprincipled than himself: this was an acquaintance of Madame Sternheim, a woman of some rank, but of a disposition so sordidly avaricious, that he had little doubt of bribing her to his purpose.

They soon came to terms, and when with consummate art the baron had lured his victim by an alternation of good and bad luck into losing a considerable sum, he appointed a meeting at the house of Madame K. to settle the manner in which the money was to be paid. Amelia disposed of the principal part of her trinkets, in order to liquidate the debt as far as she could, but the money which she obtained for them was considerably short of her expectations: she took it with her, however, and presented it to the baron, with a declaration that the moment she could raise the rest he should have it.

"Indeed, my dear Madame Sternheim," cried he respectfully, "you make yourself needlessly uneasy about this matter; it is not of the smallest importance to me when I am paid, and if you did yourself justice, victory might yet decide in your favour: recollect that I was the winner when we played last, and I am ready to give you your revenge, in fact I owe it to you."

Amelia protested against tempting Fortune any farther, but the baron artfully, though with seeming carelessness, continued to rouse her hopes of success, till at length she agreed to his offer to play one game double or quits. Cards were brought, and Madame K. who had till then been present, took the opportunity while they were eager at play to steal out of the room.

Our readers will have anticipated that Fortune decided in the baron's favour. The wretched Amelia, unable to contain the excess of her anguish, sunk back in her chair, exclaiming, "O Heaven, I am indeed ruined!"

This was the moment which the baron had eagerly anticipated for disclosing his dishonourable intentions. Throwing himself on his knees before Amelia, he besought her to be calm, and proceeded to an avowal of his passion: scarcely, however, had he opened the subject, when Amelia starting from her chair, would have left the room, but he forcibly withheld her.

"Beware, madam," cried he, "how you indulge the scorn which now flashes from your eyes! You are wholly in my power, and you will find resistance vain.—Nay," continued the villain as with a wild shriek she attempted to burst from his hold, "I must stop that pretty mouth." He caught her in his arms, but at the moment that he did so the door was burst open; he hastily loosed his intended prey, but ere he could advance towards the intruder, who was a meanly dressed man, a blow from his muscular arm had levelled him with the earth.

Amelia turned to beg his protection, and recognised with surprise Isaac the Jew, whose person was well known to her. "Come, madam," cried he, "this is no place for you, I will conduct you to your husband:" and before the prostrate baron had recovered from the blow which for a moment stunned him, he hurried Amelia from the apartment, and placed her in a carriage which was in waiting.

Amelia's agitation for some time prevented her from speaking; at last she exclaimed, "O Heaven! what new treachery is this? Whither are you carrying me?"

"Do not be alarmed," replied the Jew in a soothing tone, "I pledge my word that you are going to your husband."

"Impossible! this is not the way to our house."

"You have now no house; all that you possessed has just been seized for debt."

"And my husband, my poor husband?"

"Has lost every thing; but he feels only for you."

"For me! Oh, how little do I deserve it!—all, all gone!—— But no," continued she after a pause, "he has not lost all—he still retains, thanks be to Heaven and you, what he will consider as his greatest treasure; and he will thank you, though I cannot, for preserving the honour of his wife."

"Do you then," cried the Jew, "mean to reveal what has passed?"

"Oh! surely, he shall know all my faults, all my imprudencies; I will conceal nothing. Ah! if I could but console him, if I could but support his spirits under the misery which those fatal faults have brought upon him—but every way I have been to him a source of evil!"

The Jew covered his face with his hands; he spoke not, but it was evident, by his stifled sobs, that he was strongly affected. In a few moments the carriage stopped, and the Jew handed Amelia into an apartment, where Sternheim sprang to meet her.

It is impossible to paint the scene which followed between the husband and the wife; they each reproached themselves, and each asked pardon of the other for what had passed: but when Amelia related the escape she had just had, Sternheim sprang forward, and catching the hand of the Jew, "My best of friends," cried he, "can you forgive me the reproaches which your refusal to advance more money just now drew from me? You have preserved my all on earth; the rest is dross, I resign it without a murmur."

"O Frederic," replied the Jew in a voice almost choaked by emotion, "can you who so highly va-

lue this recovered treasure, extend your forgiveness to a wretch who would once have robbed you of it?"

Sternheim looked with amazement at the Jew, but it was only for a moment; in spite of the disguise in which he beheld the friend of his youth, his heart could not be mistaken in the voice of Walstein, and in an instant they were locked in each other's arms.

"O my friend," cried Sternheim at last, "talk not of forgiveness! A thousand times have I regretted the ungoverned fury which drove you from me. Amelia too has taken her share of blame in the transaction; she has repeatedly expressed her belief, that but for the indifference which pride made her affect towards me, you never would have declared your passion. We have made the strictest inquiries, tried all means to recover you, but in vain. Ah! little did we think that Heaven would send you to us at a moment so critical!"

Let us leave the friends, insensible for the moment to every thing but the joy of meeting, and account to the reader for the appearance of Walstein.

For some time after he had quitted Vienna, he was too much absorbed in his own sufferings to think of the future destiny of his friend, otherwise than as it was most enviable; but at length the violence of his passion for Amelia began to subside, and his former fears for the happiness of Sternheim to return. Some inquiries which he made, convinced him that those fears were not without foundation, and he resolved to return to his native city in the disguise of a Jew. He soon found that the only way to prevent the total ruin of his friend would be to make himself his chief creditor, a point which he had not much difficulty to accomplish.

Soon after his return, circumstances enabled him to place about the person of Amelia a woman in whom he could confide; and from her he learned, with inexpressible sorrow, the passion which Amelia seemed to have contracted for cards. Walstein conceived that there was but one chance of reclaiming her from this vice, and that was by letting her suppose herself totally ruined: he accordingly accelerated the seizure of Sternheim's effects, and on Frederic's entreaties that he would save Amelia the shock of returning to a house which was no longer hers, he went himself to Madame K——'s to conduct her to her husband.

The door was opened for him at Madame K——'s by a maid-servant, who denied that Amelia was there: the hesitation and confusion of the woman struck him with a suspicion that all was not right; he rushed in, and a scream from Amelia guided him to the apartment where she was at the very moment about to become the victim of the brutal baron.

Walstein would not be denied the delight of re-establishing the affairs of his friends; he insisted on being allowed to do so as a pledge of their forgiveness. Sternheim and his Amelia had learned prudence, nor was the peace of Walstein ever again disturbed by apprehension on their account. Shortly after Walstein's return to Vienna, he married an amiable woman, and as his wife and Amelia

became sincere friends, his marriage added a link to the chain which bound him and his cousin to each other. Augustus's nice sense of honour, however, made him never wholly forgive himself for his momentary lapse from virtue; but if ever he touched upon the subject, Sternheim warmly declared, that his fault had been more than compensated by the manner in which he had made the *amende honorable*.

TABLE-TALK,

OR ANECDOTES REMEMBERED BUT NEVER PRINTED.

THE CONCHOLOGIST.

A DEALER in shells once offered for sale a specimen of a very rare sort, but as the price demanded was forty guineas, it was some time before he could find a purchaser. At length one arrived who wished to see it; and having paid the money with great cheerfulness, placed it on the ground, and stamping upon it with his foot, broke it in fifty pieces. The dealer stared, and the purchaser smiled. "You must," said the latter, "presume from this action that I am either a fool or a madman." The dealer had not power to assent to either. "Let me then explain: this shell which you see before me in atoms I have the fellow to, and believed it to be unique before I saw yours, and I would have given hundreds to possess the only one. I have accomplished this for forty guineas, and my shell is still unique."—"This fellow must be both fool and madman," said Sir Linneus Papillion, who the same day gave twenty guineas for a Roman emperor.

PERQUISITES OF OFFICE.

A gentleman entering on a situation of some emolument under government, at a time when its duties were easily accomplished, was put to some difficulty to get through the hours of attendance in a state of inactivity, to which he was for the present doomed. He at length hit upon an expedient to kill this time: this was to mend all the office pens, as well those few he had used as those which he found used by others. He soon became an adept in the practice; his talent was known to be peculiar all over Somerset-House, and the hour of four came before he was aware, to dismiss him from the fatigues of his *bureau*. But, alas! man is doomed to have even his most trifling pleasures crossed. He had arrived earlier one morning than usual, when he was accosted by a woman of the office in the following manner: "I am sure, sir, you have no wish to injure me, but I beg leave to say, that since you have been here you have robbed me of many a shilling: 'tis very hard poor persons should be used by gentlefolks in this manner."—"How so? what do you mean?" cried the astonished clerk. —"The pens, sir, the old pens; they are my perquisite, but since you have taken to mend them, not the *valley* of a sixpence has crossed my hand."—"Humph!" exclaimed the new clerk, "I am very sorry; I cannot lose my amusement, but this I will do for the future, when I mend one I will mar two." The *lady* courtesied and retired. This

plan, however, did not answer so well as the first, for the hours again lingered, and he had no resource left; but being winter time, he stirred the fire, threw up the cinders, and when they fell out, he resorted to the shovel, and threw them up again. He had not done this long when he was suddenly assailed by the voice of a fury: "Spoil your own *parquisites* if you like, but *drat* me if you shall ruin mine for nothing."--"What have I done now?" exclaimed the unfortunate clerk.—"Vot? vy the cinders, to be sure, is all I gets, and there you burns 'em to nothing, and *does* me out of my parquisite!"

MATRIMONY.

Brooke, the author of *Gustavus Vasa*, *Fool of Quality*, &c. had, it is presumed, no great regard for the married state; at least it is so inferred, without reason in our opinion, from the apt quotation he once made to a young friend of his, who, informing him that he was not married, received the following answer, from *Hamlet*:

"Then let it be the last sad thing you do."

IMPROMPTU,

Written by JOHN FULLER, M.P. for Sussex, who was taken into custody on a fast-day for a misdemeanor.

Spare diet, as the doctors say,
Should make the system cooler;
But better *I* can tell than they,
Made *fast* *I* still am *Fuller*.

THE COMPOUNDER OF FELONY.

Many years since a certain citizen, more famous for the large fortune he had gained than for the correctness by which he had acquired it, lost a large quantity of the article he dealt in. A reward was offered for some time, but to no purpose. At length his confidential foreman was apprehended for the theft, and the master proceeded to drag him before the lord mayor. The silk-merchant, however, wished to know the receiver, from whom he hoped probably to gain a large sum for compounding the felony; but no inducement could prevail at first on the foreman to reveal the name of the receiver; instead of which, he dared his master to prosecute him. Just as they arrived at the Mansion-House, however, "I will tell you," said the fellow, "but mind, if you prosecute me you'll repent it."—"Tell me instantly," said the irritated merchant, "the dishonest wretch who gave you so low a price for the article, and tempted you to injure my confidence."—"Why, master," said the fellow, "don't you remember the old woman in the red cloak who came to our house on Thursday last, of whom you bought such a bargain? 'Twas your own silk, and you yourself are the compounder of felony."

SENSIBILITY.

Some time since some lovers of Collins and poetry made a pilgrimage to Chichester cathedral, before the fine monument by Flaxman was erected to his memory, in order to perform some rites they thought due to his merits. They inquired of the verger, who always knows these things better than other people, for the place where Mr. Collins was buried*; and giving him a handsome sum, begged to be locked up all night in the cathedral. The sexton consented, gave them a significant look, and retired. On the following morning, when

* The precise spot, we believe, where the remains of Collins were deposited is not known.

he proceeded to release his prisoners, he was probably surprised on seeing the stone undisturbed, and beheld their eyes red with weeping, and their faces pale with watching. "Yet, dear Collins," said one of them, "we have performed our duties at thy shrine; and having watered it with tears of sensibility, we leave thee, greatest and sublimest of poets. Adieu!"—"Poet, sir!" said the fellow, "Mr. Timothy Collins was no poet; but he was as honest a tailor as any in all Chichester."

RELIGIOUS CANT.

Far be it from us to throw out a sarcasm at pure religion, or to attempt to ridicule those whose notions, however apparently absurd, are sincere and well meant. The advertisments on the wrappers of a certain magazine, the impression of which employs three copper-plates of one portrait, and whose sale is immense, is no compliment to the *heads* of those who purchase it, where we read of porters wanted, who have the fear of God before their eyes, and can carry so many hundred weight. They remind me of a circumstance I have heard of a grocer, who was heard to call to his apprentice, "Emanuel, water the tobacco and sand the sugar, and then come up to prayers." Such conduct is consistent in those, who, to commemorate the death of an unfortunate sovereign, keep alive their malice by an annual dinner of calves' heads.

EXTRAVAGANCE AND AVARICE.

The celebrated Charles Fox being one day at Brookes's, was interrupted in his play by the late penurious Lord ——, who missing half-a-guinea that had rolled off a parcel by him, was assiduously hunting for it. Fox, provoked at this, lit a 10*l.* note in the candle, to assist his lordship in the search.

GUSTAVUS AND JULIA, OR CONSTANCY REWARDED.

The Count de Selnitz, after running the most brilliant career as a statesman and warrior, retired to his domains to spend his declining years in peace: his whole time was devoted to the happiness of his family and domestics. The countess, a woman of superior mind, and of inexhaustible goodness, took the highest delight in the exercise of the domestic virtues. She had brought her husband two daughters: Julia, of regular and majestic beauty, but tempered by a certain melancholy air, resembled a Roman virgin of ancient times; Augusta, with her brilliant black eyes and graceful figure, was a genuine Frenchwoman.

In this interesting family lived as steward Gustavus Waller, the hero of this story. His father was a man of no distinction or fortune, and had studied at the university of Göttingen with the Count de Selnitz, with whom, notwithstanding the difference of rank, he had lived on terms of friendship. On his decease, the count, moved at the fate of the child he left behind, took upon him his education: his kindness was not thrown away; Gustavus in a few years became highly accomplished. The protection of the count procured him the situation of secretary of embassy, and he accompanied Prince de —— to Vienna, charged with the most im-

portant mission. The despatches of the ambassador to his court were prodigies of intelligence and sagacity; the prince put his *name* to them, and Waller his *talent*. The former found this manner of doing business very convenient and very agreeable, but the other members of the embassy having represented to him, that it was improper that such a young man as Gustavus should wish to dive to the bottom of every thing, poor Waller was denounced as a busy-body, and the minister immediately recalled him.

The Count de Selnitz could not avert the blow, but hastened at least to remedy it by inviting the honest Gustavus to his house, and soon found means to console him by offering him the management of his immense fortune. Waller now wholly devoted himself to his new office, but the beauty of Julia soon excited his attention: her good sense, her affability, her talents, captivated all the faculties of his soul. On perceiving the progress of his passion, he endeavoured to check it; but how could he find strength to combat sentiments which also animated Julia? It was not assuredly that the timid and respectful Waller had ventured to disclose them to her; but how can a lover, compelled to be silent, mistake the affectionate looks of her he adores?

Gustavus could not but feel the misery of his situation. The Count de Selnitz was humane, tender, generous; but he was allied to the most illustrious houses in Germany. Would he give his daughter to an obscure man, who, by degrading her from the rank in which she was born, would also reflect disgrace on his whole family?

There was not a night but Waller spent a part of it in these melancholy reflections, nor a day on which all his time, not absorbed by business, was devoted exclusively to Julia. He was fond of hunting, and the count, who was still more so, rarely pursued this diversion without requiring his young friend to accompany him. Gustavus soon perceived that Julia beheld his frequent absence with pain; and, at the risk of displeasing the count, at each hunting party he devised ten pretexts for remaining at home.

The count, far from conceiving the slightest distrust, paid no attention to what was going forward. He sometimes reproached Gustavus, and told him, that at his age he took more delight in strumming a sonata, or sketching a landscape, than in pursuing a deer or a wolf. As to the countess, she was more discerning. This growing passion had not escaped her. She closely watched its progress, and her maternal tenderness was the more alarmed, as she had had in her own family a terrible example of the consequences of an unfortunate attachment. She esteemed, she cherished Waller; she hesitated a long time whether she should shew him his situation in true colours, or merely devise some method of separating the lovers.

The former expedient appeared dangerous to her, she viewed it in the same light as to awaken a sleep-walker when on the brink of a precipice; his sleep is his safety; he cannot open his eyes without falling into the abyss. The latter seemed not less difficult to be employed. How could she propose to the count to remove Waller, when

he never mentioned his name to his wife without enjoining her to thank Heaven for having sent this excellent young man into the house? Accident at length put an end to the anxiety and uneasiness of this tender mother.

The count one day told Waller, that he had arranged a grand hunting match for the next day, and that this time no excuse would exempt him from being one of the party. Gustavus promised to attend, and Julia, with more vehemence than usual, censured hunting and hunters. Augusta observed the inadvertence of her sister, and sought to remedy it by turning the thing into jest. "We are allowed sometimes to be cowards," said she, "but in truth, my dear Julia, you abuse the permission. You declaim so eloquently against hunting only because you are afraid of a gun."—"I guilty of such ridiculous weakness!"—"Well, here is my father's gun; I'd lay a wager you are afraid even to touch it."—"I accept the challenge."—Julia instantly took it down, approached the window, turned her face the other way, and fired. "Oh! my God!" said a plaintive voice. Augusta hastened into the garden, where she found the little gardener weltering in his blood. Julia had sunk down senseless: she was conveyed to bed.

On recovering her senses, she was informed the wound was not dangerous; but so strong was her emotion, that a violent fever soon excited apprehensions for her life. On the ninth day she fell into a kind of lethargy; the physicians declared that this crisis would decide the fate of the patient. Waller never quitted the ante-chamber of Julia's apartment: he observed the countess leave it, and seized this opportunity of approaching the bed where the object of all his affections was struggling with death. Motionless he fixed his eyes upon her discoloured lips; he perceived that she breathed: Julia awoke, and opening her eyes, said, "Gustavus, is it you?"

The grave, the circumspect Waller was no longer master of himself. He threw himself on his knees by the bedside of Julia, and seizing her hand, covered it with burning kisses, articulated her beloved name, and returned thanks to Heaven for having preserved her to him.

At this instant the countess made her appearance. "St. Preux!" said she emphatically. Gustavus looked round with terror; he rose staggering, and precipitately left the room. This scene contributed to retard the recovery of Julia; the fever increased, accompanied by delirium.

"St. Preux!" repeated the unfortunate Gustavus as he traversed the park. "It is, therefore, to merit this odious comparison that I have made such painful efforts, and undergone such cruel conflicts! Confidence, hospitality, duties, I have profaned all in her eyes; and my benefactor, my second father ——." This thought overwhelmed him: he was about to leap the ditch which bounded the park, and to leave for ever places which he could only see with reproach and grief. A virtuous remorse suddenly took possession of him: he imposed upon himself the shame of re-appearing before his benefactress.

"I adore Julia," said he to her;

"but I leave her never to behold her more. Adieu, madam! I will force you to restore to me your esteem."—"The sacrifice which you make," replied the countess, "shews that you do not deserve to lose her. I praise your resolution, and will assist you in its performance."

It was agreed that Waller should solicit the minister to be re-appointed to some diplomatic post. The countess secretly supported his request through her family, which possessed great influence at court. In three weeks Waller received a commission, which attached him to the embassy at Paris. The count, from whom every circumstance had been kept a profound secret, testified his extreme reluctance to part with Gustavus; but a second reflection led him to consider, that his opposition might shut for ever against his young friend the way to honour and fortune: he cheerfully acquiesced in his wishes. The last day of the week was fixed upon for his departure.

Julia, who was now recovered, was prepared by her mother for this separation. She could not prevent the lovers from meeting in the saloon, without giving the count the key of the enigma, which she was so anxious to conceal from him. Gustavus dreaded the moment when he was to behold her whom he adored for the last time; he already reproached himself, with involuntary shuddering, with the cruel constraint which was about to make the last days they had to spend together days of torment. What was then his surprise to see Julia appear with a composed, serene, and almost satisfied countenance? She spoke to him with an unembarrassed voice, accompanied by looks of unconcern, but not destitute of kindness.

This apparent indifference almost drove the unhappy young man to despair, and nearly bereft him of courage to accomplish the sacrifice; but the day fixed for his departure approached. The preceding evening, after supper, the count received a packet of papers: he retired to his apartment, and in a few moments sent for his wife. Waller remained alone in the saloon with Julia and Augusta: he could not conceal his embarrassment. Julia suddenly rose, advanced towards him, and, in a voice which for the first time betrayed her emotion, said, presenting him with a paper, "Here, Gustavus; forget not your friends, and be happy!" As she spoke these words she turned her head, sobbed aloud, and reclining on her sister's arm, withdrew.

On recovering from his astonishment and agitation, Gustavus read the following letter:

"Your conduct, Gustavus, is that of an honourable and courageous man. But do you think that separation will make me forget you? Hear me, Gustavus! I know not whether the proceeding is conformable to the strict rules of propriety, yet I feel my heart demands it. I love you, Waller; esteem, confidence, a kind of veneration, are at once the basis of my sentiments, and the guarantee of their continuance. Yes, my only friend, before God, who reads my soul, I plight my faith and affection to

you. If fate decrees that Julia shall not be yours, never at least shall it impose upon her other ties.

"But I approve your departure. The happiness of my beloved parents depends upon it, and their felicity ought to be preferred even to my love itself. Adieu, Gustavus! May Heaven protect you, and take pity on "JULIA."

Waller kissed this billet a hundred times, repeating the oath which it contained—that of living henceforth for Julia alone, be his destiny what it might. He felt animated with fresh courage; he tore himself from the abode that Julia inhabited, and two hundred leagues soon parted him from her.

He expected to find tranquillity in separation, but the image of Julia incessantly haunted him. His new occupations, however, tended to afford some relief; the ambassador soon learned to appreciate the extent of his talents, and at Paris, as at Vienna, the success of the most important negociations depended upon him.

A year had elapsed since Gustavus had left Germany, when he received a letter from the Count de Selnitz. After reading it, he thought for a moment that he was deceived; he mustered his spirits to read it a second time, and distinctly understood that the count wished him to return to his estate as soon as possible, respecting an affair of the highest importance. A postscript was added to this invitation: "Whatever cause you may have for keeping away from my house, my dear Gustavus, it is absolutely necessary you should repair hither, if only for a few days. All your objections are obviated; your ambassador receives by the same courier six months' leave of absence, which the court grants you. Shall I then let you into a part of my secret? We shall celebrate your birth-day on the 7th of next month."

Waller passed the whole night alternately indulging in hope, fear, conjectures, and doubts; but the more he endeavoured to hit upon the truth, the more the secret seemed involved in mystery. The ambassador put an end to his irresolution, by representing to him, that he could not defer his departure without being guilty of ingratitude to his benefactor.

Gustavus accordingly set out, still agitated by a thousand confused thoughts. He deliberated some time whether he was not violating his promise to the countess.

On arriving in the court-yard of the house, the count went out to meet him, and embraced him several times: the countess received him but coldly. Augusta jumped with joy: Julia was seized with an universal trembling; she covered her face with both her hands; but the count was too much delighted to perceive the impression which his young friend's arrival had made on his family.

Next morning Gustavus rose betimes, and proceeded to the count's apartment. "Welcome, friend," said the count, on perceiving him, "I was coming to you. You know the old maxim of our ancestors—business of consequence ought to be transacted before breakfast. Let us speak, therefore, of ours: this very day you are of age. I ought to give you an account of my guardianship. Here it is on these three papers; take them, and let us read

them together."—"What!" cried Waller, "the faithful friend of my father, he who has filled his place, the generous man to whom I owe every thing, and shall I suffer him to be accountable to me?"—He seized the papers, and was about to throw them into the fire. The count stopped him: "What offends you?" said he, extending his arms; "shall my heart never come to a settlement with yours?" Affected at so much kindness, Gustavus had already on his lips the avowal of his secret, when the countess entered.

All the nobility in the neighbourhood had been invited to the mansion. More than one grave baron frowned on learning that it was to celebrate the birth-day of the count's steward; and their surprise was redoubled on seeing him placed at table beside his master. The countess and her daughters, agitated by different feelings, appeared quite embarrassed; and the count alone, notwithstanding the freezing coldness of his guests, manifested extraordinary gaiety. At the dessert he ordered a silver cup, which had been presented to one of his ancestors by Charles V. to be brought, and filling it with Rhenish wine, said, with a kind of solemnity, "I never use this cup but on important occasions: there could not be one dearer to my heart than the festival which has this day brought us together. I drink to the happy birth-day of Gustavus Waller!"—The guests with a slight inclination of the head accordingly drank the health of Waller. "Yes," resumed the count with transport, "let us drink, like true Germans, to the eternal welfare of Gustavus and his bride—Julia de Selnitz!"

Conceive the rapid and magic effect produced by these words! Gustavus, as if struck by a thunderbolt, became motionless and mute. Julia had fallen back in her chair. The countess, holding out her arms to her husband, vainly endeavoured to articulate some words, and seemed to say to him with her looks, "Ah! spare these poor children!" Augusta, weeping with joy, blessed Heaven, her father, her sister, and Gustavus; she embraced her relations and friends. The remainder of the guests whispered, "Have we heard right? A Selnitz, a daughter of so noble a family, the wife of a Waller, of a steward!" Each determined not to stay more than half an hour in a mansion profaned by such an unequal match.

The count was amused for a moment at the different impressions excited on each countenance: he thus resumed: "Hear me, my children! I owe you an explanation: your love did not escape me; it crowned my dearest hopes, but I wished to put your sentiments to the test, and absence has demonstrated their constancy. Besides, I could not speak out till now: a sacred oath closed my lips. To-day Waller is of age. I can now speak freely. My wife, my daughter, embrace my nephew, the support of my family! Yes, my dear neighbours, Gustavus is the son of my unfortunate brother, who died in my arms on the bloody day of Lissa. Before he expired, he confided him to me, with the history of the birth of this child, the offspring of a secret connection with a young lady of most illustrious blood. He made me swear never

to disclose this until the day he should be of age, and I have kept my word."

All the guests rose with profound reverence to pay their congratulations and respects to Count Gustavus. The young man, intoxicated with joy and surprise, remained in the arms of his uncle. He at length threw himself at the feet of Julia, who was quite overcome by such rapid sensations.

The very next day the lovers were conducted to the altar by their happy parents. All the vassals of the domains of De Selnitz appeared under arms; the barons shouted with all their might, "Long live the Count and Countess Gustavus de Selnitz!" and the count said in a low tone, "My dear children, you see that, with courage and constancy, we need never despair."

OLD MAIDS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I HAVE lately met with some very affecting lines, addressed to a young lady by an old maid, on the uncertainty of all worldly happiness, and the impropriety of making a whole class of women the subject of keen ridicule and of indelicate mirth, merely because their youth is passed away, and they are still single. This is a subject which is seldom touched upon by those who instruct and educate young women, and many a mother takes infinite pains in advising her daughters, how to become amiable wives, and to fulfil the manifold and important duties of the marriage state; but few, very few, ever instil into their minds the requisite acquirements necessary to their becoming amiable and happy old maids: I shall therefore take the liberty of pointing out the errors which too many of my own sex fall into, either from bad example, want of thought, want of liberality, or ill-nature.

As soon as a young lady leaves school, she thinks it a matter of course to quiz every woman who draws near to thirty and is unmarried; their conversation, dress, and behaviour afford a constant theme for satire to these vain conceited girls: but let them ask themselves two questions? Have *we* been gifted with an eternal youth? or, Is it certain it will be our happy fate to enter into the honourable estate of matrimony? Have *we* sufficient charms of person, mind, or even fortune, to engage the affections of a companion for life, before we arrive at the age we now despise? Alas! instead of this kind of reasoning, we daily see the beautiful and accomplished, the ugly and the vulgar, the heiress and the portionless female, all with one consent depreciate the whole class of old maids, in which society are many women eminent for their piety, charity, benevolence, and other virtues.

Perhaps my young readers may think these sentiments are from the pen of some ancient Mrs. Penelope, but they are quite mistaken; I can assure them I was married, soon after twenty, to the man of my choice, and with the approba-

tion of all my friends; and have for some years enjoyed too much happiness in the wedded state, to induce me to wish I had never entered it. But this is not the happy lot of all who wear the bands of Hymen; and I am of opinion, that an ill-assorted marriage is one of the most miserable situations in this life—a continual warfare and strife, a scene of bickerings and jealousies, with no comfort in ought, but the hope in *each* of being quickly released by the hand of death from the union of hatred. But why are there so many unhappy marriages? Because the idea of becoming an old maid is so terrific to many young women, that they readily accept the first man who asks them, be the future prospect ever so unpropitious.

I shall now please some of my juvenile readers by saying, that there certainly are many single elderly women who make themselves disagreeable both to their friends and to society in general—but stop, young ladies, and allow me to tell you who these worthy members of the sisterhood are. The *very women* who, in the days of their youth and beauty, were so severe in their invectives against the class of which they now form a part: they remember with sorrow their former sentiments, and are now aware of the same attack being made upon themselves by the young misses of the present day: the increase of years brings peevishness, and they go from house to house seeking tales of scandal, ridiculing the conduct of wives and mothers (once their friends and companions), satirizing the dress and fashionable manners of the daughters, who now take the lead in all gay scenes, to the malicious sorrow of these envious gossips.—Alas! that youth should be so thoughtless, or that their instructors should not root out all those noxious weeds which grow in the richest soil, but if carefully extracted, would leave room for the free growth of the better fruits, which would eventually produce a rich harvest, or in other words, a quiet and happy old age.

If you think these observations, together with the accompanying lines, worthy of a place in your elegant and useful *Repository*, the intention of the writer will be amply fulfilled. I remain a sincere friend to the female sex,

MENTORIA.

THE OLD MAID'S ADDRESS.

Smile on, gentle maid, at my dress so uncouth,
And please with my manners thy fancy so gay;
Like thee, gentle maid, I could smile in my youth,
But sorrow is mine, and my tresses are grey.

Does thy lover approach? is thy father too near,
His daughter beloved from misfortune to save?
I once to a youth and a father was dear,
But my friend and my father are both in the grave.

Thy mother's affection she cannot conceal;
She views thee with joy and with natural pride:
I once had a mother, and still I can feel,
How fondly she press'd my young hand as she died.

Ah! cease not to smile, gentle maiden, be gay,
Whilst the moments of youth and of pleasure are thine;
Perchance is approaching, and swiftly, the day,
When thou, like myself, shalt in solitude pine.

Like mine, the young soldier so dear to thy heart,
May lifeless be laid on some far distant shore;
And thou, like myself, with a father must part,
On earth, gentle maiden, to meet him no more.

Perhaps, tho' unthought of, the moment is nigh,
When thy mother, so warmly affectionate now,
Before thee shall pale and insensible lie,
And the chill damps of death be encircling her brow.

Then, then, when no heart glows with kindness for thee,
Then, then, when thy bosom is wrung with distress,
Perchance thou wilt think, gentle maiden, with me,
How idle is *fashion*, how trifling is *dress!*

PLATE 36.—AN IRON VERANDAH.

THE rapid improvement that has taken place in the manufacture of cast iron, has elevated it from its late uses in ponderous and gross articles merely, to those of ornamental embellishments; not only where strength is required, but where lightness and elegance are purposed to be united, and to which may be superadded, a considerable economy.

The annexed plate is intended to shew how far delicacy of parts may be employed in this material even in structures of magnitude, still preserving strength, durability, and cheapness. The design is taken from patterns belonging to Mr. Collinge's manufactory in the Lambeth-road; and to him artists are greatly indebted for his ingenious mode of introducing lead as a material in ornamental decorations, in lieu of the expensive and decaying wood-work that has usually been adopted.

In the East and West Indies, where verandahs are necessary appendages to a house, this kind of verandah would surely be most desirable, particularly as the intense heat of those climates is known to be so generative of decay, that light works of timber are speedily destroyed. To other articles which this country furnishes to the Indies, it is not improbable but ingeniously contrived verandahs, that would be easily re-erected by the natives, might be welcome additions, and prove highly beneficial to the speculator.

An artist of eminence, but in a higher branch of the arts, has lately offered some very admirable hints to the members of the society for superintending the erection of the new churches, recommending the substitution of iron for the more expensive ornamental works in stone, particularly in the Gothic style, and which style he considers to be best suited to every building dedicated to devotional purposes. His own words will best explain his recommendation.

"What our forefathers were enabled to do, from the cheapness of labour in their day, we have the power of executing at a still more moderate rate, from the improved state of our manufactories. The expensive manual labour which has hitherto been bestowed on stone, may now be executed, at a comparatively trifling charge, in iron. There is scarcely an ornament or necessary part but what might be cast at our iron-foundries, even to the highest wrought filigree Gothic; and as nearly all the tracery and ornaments in this style are produced by a repetition of a few simple parts, the plan would be found perfectly practicable. As lightness and elegance are the lead-

ing and most desirable characters in this class of building, these might, under the direction of able artists, be carried to a much higher degree of perfection than they ever were capable of with so fragile and destructible a material as stone. The light groups of Gothic columns, the springs for arches and groined roofs, &c. might be so constructed as to unite the most perfect lightness of character with strength and durability.

"Churches erected with this material would be rendered perfectly secure from fire; and the iron-work and ornaments being coated over with an anticorrosive of a stone-colour, would be rendered indestructible for ages: the work would always remain sharp and perfect, as it would not, like stone, be subject to the corrosion of the atmosphere, or the dilapidation so constantly produced by the carelessness of workmen. I would beg leave to suggest, that the towers and spires of these buildings might be constructed in the plainest and most simple manner, leaving all the ornamental part to be cast at the foundry; and it will be found, on examination, that the most richly ornamented Gothic towers extant might be imitated with the greatest precision, and at a very moderate rate. By the adoption of such a plan, a stimulus would be given to our iron-works, which would be a means of carrying them to the highest pitch of excellence and utility. As no ornamental work of this kind, from its expensiveness, is likely to be undertaken in stone, the workmen in that department would suffer no loss or injury by the introduction of it. A considerable saving in timber might also be made, by a substitution of iron."

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. XXX.

The proper study of mankind is man.—Pope.

Joy was the subject which closed my last paper, and I now proceed to its opposite, which is SORROW, and equally deserves our consideration; as life, without indulging an exulting spirit on the one hand, or manifesting discontent on the other, every day's experience convinces us is made up of both. SORROW is a painful depression of spirit, on the deprivation of good, or the anticipation of evil. When increased and continued, it becomes *grief*; when violently agitated by hopes and fears, it is *distraction*; and when they are swallowed up by it, *despair* succeeds. The highest or most violent sensations of sorrow, are named *agonies*.

Grief, when silent and thoughtful, settles into *pensiveness* and *sadness*; and when so long indulged as to take possession of the mind, it becomes habitual, and grows into *melancholy*. Sorrow, in its lowest degree, is called *concern*; and when it arises from the disappointment of our hopes and endeavours, it is denominated *vexation*.

Sorrow, on account of actions or events which we think might have been prevented, is named *regret*; fruitless and inactive complaints of them, *murmuring* or *repining*; a

change of temper and conduct, *repentance;* and the humility and sorrow accompanying it, *contrition.*

When it arises from a painful remembrance of criminal actions and pursuits, and is accompanied with self-condemnation and compunction, it acquires the title of *remorse;* and the higher sensations of remorse produce *anguish.*

Sorrow, arising from the unmerited sufferings of others, is expressed by *commiseration* and *condolence;* our sense of these sufferings, by *sympathy* or *compassion;* and our endeavours to sooth them, by *consolation.*

When sorrow arises from the happiness of others enjoying a good which we desire, it is called *envy;* and when this feeling leads us to rival their merit, by endeavours to lessen it, it becomes *defamation* and *detraction.*

I now proceed to consider the *outward* indications or expressions of the *pleasing* affections.

Joy may arise not only from what is *present*, but also from what is *past* or *expected.* It appears in a vivacity of spirit, a sparkling eye, a florid smiling countenance, a raised aspect, a pleasing freedom of speech, singing, and other marks of exultation, even shouting and leaping. *Joy*, particularly when joined with *love*, will sometimes call forth a tenderness that produces *tears.* *Moral joy* is expressed by a serene countenance, a calm appearance of satisfaction on the countenance that announces a placid state of the mind.

Delight expresses itself in various ways. We gaze upon a pleasing figure or picture, on highly wrought works of art, or beauteous scenes of nature: we yield our olfactory nerves to the enlivening fragrance of flowers, or we devour with eager and fixed attention the sources of knowledge: we listen enchanted to the sounds of music.

Fondness appears in a thousand nameless airs and expressions of tender regard, which nature teaches us to understand. Parents love children with fondness: it is with fondness that children venerate their parents. Is not fondness the happiest associate of wedded love?

Gratitude is composed of complacency and benevolence for good received. It is a gentle principle, always wishing to promote the happiness of a benefactor.

Benevolence discovers itself in a pleasing countenance, a soft and smiling air, affability of speech, gentleness of behaviour, and readiness to relieve the distressed.

Friendship unites itself to its object; produces a communion of benefits and reciprocal communication of good offices, and delights in the society, converse, confidence, and remembrance of the object of its disinterested affections, which display themselves in appropriate looks, words, and actions.

Honour and *respect* are manifested in their exterior experience, by expressions of easy submission, blended with a display of honest and attentive regard, and an unfeigned desire to please on trivial as well as more important occasions.

Adoration has *God* alone for its object, and requires every mark of awe and reverence—the bending of the knee, the humble address of prayer, the loud incense of praise, and the exulting song of thanks-

giving; in short, those acts which private devotion suggests, and the public ceremonials of religion ordain.

The *veneration* of any person whom we regard as superior for his wisdom and the useful display of noble virtues, is marked by respectful conduct, expressions of admiration, and the evident endeavour to imitate, to the utmost of our power, the excellencies of his conduct and character.

Admiration, according to the lesser or greater effect of its feeling, displays itself by sudden, quick, and brief exclamatory expression; by the movement of eyes and hands; by an intense fixing of the sight; and sometimes even by a stoppage of the voice, and by causing the person affected to become devoid of motion.

We now proceed to the *outward* expressions of the *painful* passions.

Sorrow is attended with heavy eyelids, paleness of the cheeks, the shedding of tears, a love of solitude, aversion to business, indifference to pleasure and amusements, inattention to personal appearance, and sometimes even neglect of food.

Envy, which is too often mixed with malice, wears a sour and uneasy countenance, strengthened by a malignant smile; displays a spiteful anger, utters biting jests, and laughs only with the desire of mischief; and encourages no other hope than that of triumphing in the misfortunes of those whose prosperity, honours, or comforts awake its rancour.

Fear appears in paleness of the face, a sinking of the spirits, trepidation of the voice and limbs, chillness, fainting, and a hurrying desire to fly from the object of terror.

Jealousy is accompanied with an uneasy, anxious watchfulness; ill-will to, if not absolute hatred of, the object of it, with a continual disposition to misconstrue words and actions.

Impatience, especially when attended with suspense, appears in an unsettled look and hurried restlessness, and, as Sallust describes Catiline, sometimes walking fast and sometimes slow.

Despair refuses all comfort; is deaf to all counsel; neglects, and sometimes even disdains, all means of relief; is often seen to abandon itself to the most vicious excess, and is known sometimes to seek in suicide a refuge from its fury.

Abhorrence is seen in distortion of the countenance, closing the eyes that it may not see, turning away the head that it may not hear, and removing hastily from the object of disgust.

Pride is discovered by an affected mien or air, an erect head, a lofty look, boasting language, distant and repressive conduct to inferiors.

The *vain man* thinks others have a high opinion of him. The *proud man* entertains it of himself. This opinion too often induces him in prosperity to neglect culture, improvement, and even friendship; so that in adversity he is frequently obliged to have recourse to the most humiliating subserviency to avert its penalties. Thus, as Dean Swift observes, and whose observations, though sometimes perhaps too keen, are always founded in a thorough

knowledge of the human character, "Men climb in the same posture that they creep."

Affectation differs from *hypocrisy*, as in the latter there is a false show of *proper qualities*, and in the former such as are *improper*, or at least *indifferent*. When it respects *learning*, it displays *pedantry;* and when it applies itself to *accomplishments*, it distinguishes the characters of *coquettes* and *coxcombs*.

The NATURAL FACULTIES may be comprised, in a great measure, in the *understanding*, *imagination*, and *memory*.

The particular province of the UNDERSTANDING is the discovery of *truth*, and the proper conduct of it. Be ready, therefore, to receive information from every man, but think and judge for yourself.

Let not your *judgment* be determined by *passion*, *interest*, or *prejudice*, &c. nor altogether by the *character* and *reputation* of others; but consult the *nature* of things, which remains constant, and cannot be changed.

Beware of mistaking *words* for *ideas*, nor let your *understanding* be fettered by *one set of thoughts*, nor distracted by *many;* but let it be free to turn itself to any object, and give it the attention necessary, with a view to answer the principal purposes to which you direct it.

Approach the most difficult parts of knowledge by *degrees*, but despair not of mastering them; and do not confound *difficulties* with *impossibilities:* for such is the native force of the understanding, in a constant, steady, and regular application, that it often is found to exceed its own conceptions.

Thought is the *action* of the *mind*, and inseparable from it; so that it must have vain and idle thoughts if it is not replenished with such as are useful and important: the former grow spontaneously, the latter require culture.

It is the province of the IMAGINATION to bring objects nearer to the mind by proper images or representations of them. The strength of the *passions*, and their government, have such a dependence upon it, that the utmost attention and care should be given to its regulation and correction. This is to be done by preventing undue associations of *moral* and *amiable* qualities with *vicious* habits and pursuits, so as to lessen their natural deformity. *Imagination* may be allowed to decorate and enliven *reason*, but never to be its guide and conductress.

MEMORY has but little concern in the morality of actions. It is necessarily improved by contemplation, attention, reflection, repetition, order, and method; but never fails to be more particularly annexed to its objects by the ideas of *pain* and of *pleasure*. A soldier never forgets his wounds nor his victories.

The office of CONSCIENCE is to judge of the *morality* of actions, as *right* or *wrong*. Thus it assumes an authoritative principle, acting upon due information and an uncontrouled power. And here may be truly observed, that its first dictates or suggestions are always the best, as they must be the most pure.

The propensities of *instinct* and solicitations of *appetite* require well-considered direction and restraint. The command of them is one of the most essential and certain branches of human happiness. This check

and government cannot be too soon begun, nor too habitually practised; nor can the incentives to them be too carefully considered, weighed, and avoided.

TO THE FEMALE TATTLER.

Madam,

I am the mother of five children; the three eldest are girls, the two youngest are boys. The former are, as the whole of their education will be, submitted to my care, controul, and regulation. Their father, who is so actively engaged in public life as to be unable to give the due attention to the latter, and whose perfect confidence I am so happy as to enjoy in every thing that relates to our domestic concerns, has yielded to my request of intrusting the boys to my management also till the age of six years.

It had often occurred to me, that clear and precise definitions of the operations of the human mind, with such explanations as I felt myself qualified to give, would be a most useful source of elementary instruction. For this purpose I began my task, but from my incapacity to select and arrange, and the inadequate mode of definition to be purloined from dictionaries, I began to be disheartened in my attempt, especially as I received little encouragement from the vicar of the parish, to whom I applied for assistance, when chance threw in my way Mr. Ackermann's *Repository;* where, among much elegant, useful, and amusing information, I was particularly attracted by the *Female Tattler:* and I beg leave to express my obligations to you, without a compliment, for every thing that I wanted to pursue my favourite scheme; and any further hints from you to forward and improve my view, will be considered as a lasting obligation by, madam, your obedient, humble servant,

ANGELICA LOVECHILD.

I am very much gratified by the foregoing opinions of my intelligent and obliging correspondent; and I am disposed to flatter myself, that she will not be the only one who will understand my object in the subject of several preceding numbers of the Female Tattler. The next paper, which will contain some general observations on the structure and improvement of the mind, and a brief, but I trust clear, account of the character, as well as properties, of the affections and passions, will conclude my design, when I shall return to my usual and more general subjects. At the same time I shall beg leave to recommend to Mrs. Lovechild, as a most admirable assistant in forwarding her preparatory plan of mental instruction, *Les Synonimes François,* by the Abbé Girard.

F—— T——.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

TWELVE VOCAL PIECES, most of them with original Poetry, written expressly for this Work, composed, and respectfully inscribed to Mrs. William Frere, by John Clarke, Mus. Doc. Cam. Vol. I. Pr. (to non-subscribers) 1*l.* 5*s.*

WE have had this splendid and voluminous publication some time in our possession, without finding

sufficient leisure to give it the consideration which we conceived to be due both to the author's name and to the promise held out by its typographical magnificence. And even now that we have pretty well investigated the whole, we are compelled, by the scantiness of our space, to select (indiscriminately) three or four of the pieces, on which we shall content ourselves with offering a few cursory observations. The contents and the authors of the poetry are as follow:

I. *The Foray*, Walter Scott.—II. "*What voice is this*," Joanna Baillie.—III. *The fair Saracen*, John Stewart—IV. *Golice Macbane*, Lord Byron.—V. *The Lark*, James Hogg.—VI. *The Lover's Vow*, Rev. Samuel Tillbrook.—VII. "*The western wave was richly glowing*," William Smith.—VIII. "*Bright be the place of thy soul*," Lord Byron.—IX. "*Bright the eye with fondness beaming*," John Stewart.—X. *The Lady's Reveille*, Joanna Baillie.—XI. "*Sleep on, ye brave!*" John Stewart.--XII. "*Oh, young shepherd*," John Stewart.

The greater number of these poetic contributions are expressly written for this work, and their value corresponds with the established reputation of the authors. Indeed, in our opinion, some are almost too fine and too long for lyric composition. Poetry which is intended for musical purposes, ought, we conceive, to be distinguished by great simplicity of thought, refrain from soaring too high, and be of very limited extent. A few neat lines are enough for a great deal of vocal music, because they allow of greater scope for melismatic repetitions: whereas a continued succession of fresh text, musically expressed, employs the intellect too much at the expense of the ear. The Italians are well aware of this. But to our task.

The text of No. I. the Foray, in five stanzas, has been divided into three musical portions: the first of which comprises the two first stanzas; the second portion repeats the whole of the foregoing melody, with some slight variation and a diversified accompaniment; and the last stanza is set to a new strain. The melody of all these is of a wild determined character, consonant with the poetry: in the ideas themselves, however, we rather miss originality. The deviation to G minor (*p.* 19) is common and obsolete; and the same remark applies to the succeeding momentary transition into E ♭, besides its producing, in our opinion, too strong a cadence for the text. The fifth stanza begins, with proper spirit, in E ♭; but we cannot account for the reason which induced the instantaneous abandonment of this key, and the concomitant temporary change of tempo. The adagio-line, *p.* 24, we think not only well placed, but well devised and supported by classic harmony.

No. II. "What voice is this," in A minor, begins with a highly interesting symphony, the character of which is maintained for some time in the very select accompaniment of the song itself. On the melody, which is extremely impressive and chaste, we will observe, by the way, that its interrogatory portions would have appeared more natural, if set in ascent.

The first line *p.* 26 is finely rendered, and the next two ("Sweet as the nightingale") present an idea, the enchantingly sweet simplicity of which forms a melodic gem of the first order. There is nothing in the whole book we like better, or even so well. The thought, too, is extremely well pursued and developed in major and minor. The quick movement which follows is properly conceived; the unisono passage, "The dead shall seem to live," commands unqualified approbation; and the few bars of fine accompaniment in the last line of the same page shew the master. The repetition of "The dead," &c. (*p.* 29,) borders in our opinion too nearly on the severer style of sacred composition.

No. V. *The Lark*, and No. VI. *The Lover's Vow*, present melodies of chaste and smooth flow, faithfully expressive of the text, and the accompaniments are imagined with a great degree of skill and a very careful attention to the poetry. As the latter has much to do with larks, nightingales, and turtledoves, the piano-forte is a good deal employed in trilling and cooing, and we must say the imitations are not only done *ad naturam*, but also most cleverly interspersed between, and interwoven with the air. Our opinion on the subject of pictorial music differs from that of so many respectable composers, and Haydn's *Creation* and *Seasons* stare us so fully in the face, that we will not risk an abstract æsthetical argument on this point. *Bar* 5, *l.* 2, *p.* 47, affords a convincing proof of the unmusical nature of the word *poets*.

The recitative of No. VII. is not to our taste; some of its phrases are too much of the common cast, and the transitions from F to D minor, and *vice versa* (however akin the two keys), appear to us harsh in the way in which they occur. In the air itself an affecting vein of pathetic innocence prevails, and the burden, "Ah! where is now my sailor," has our entire approbation.

No. IX. is a duet, English and Italian. As the latter text appears to have been the result of an afterthought, some allowance must be made with regard to several passages where the sense of the Italian words fits less to the music than the English poetry. But there are also some prosodical errors: "Racchiusa," for instance (*p.* 60, *l.* 2), is badly scanned—"Fiero" to *one* minim is an oversight. The music, however, calls for our decided approbation. The melody is of a superior order, replete with good thoughts; and the accompaniment distinguished by variety, skill, and science. We cannot omit adverting to the elegant passage at "and sweets," &c. (*p.* 59), in which the transition from E to C※, by means of D※, 3, 6※, is attended with the happiest effect. The *à due* portion of this composition is likewise satisfactory throughout: some rather common figures have occasionally found their way into the two parts; but many instances of select arrangement, alternations, &c. occur on the other hand. The sudden transition to the unisono F's (*p.* 65) evinces judgment and geniality.

But this article has insensibly outgrown the limits we had proposed for ourselves. We must wind

it up briefly. From the specimens adverted to, our readers may probably form some idea of the value of this collection. The taste, judgment, careful labour, skill, and science which the author has displayed in so extensive an undertaking, cannot fail to add greatly to his well-earned reputation. We will also add, that it has seldom been our good fortune to witness such strict purity of harmony in a work of such compass. The second volume of this collection we shall bring under the notice of our readers with as little delay as possible, and we hope the great number of subscribers to these two, will induce the author not to relinquish his intention of publishing a third volume.

Antologia Musicale, containing a Collection of the best Overtures, Sonatas, Rondos, Divertimentos, Marches, Waltzes, &c. of the most celebrated foreign Composers, the greater part of which have never been printed before. Nos. I. II. and III. Pr. 2s. each. Boosey and Co.

The extensive depôt of foreign music established by the above publishers, and their speedy transfer to our shores of almost every new publication of merit on the Continent, have, in our opinion, very materially contributed to the advancement of musical taste in this country. We, therefore, do not hesitate in seizing the opportunity offered by the present publication of their own, to express the sense we entertain of their services in the cause of the art, and to encourage them to persevere in exertions which cannot fail meeting with due reward. The three numbers of the *Antologia Musicale* before us, highly deserve the attention of the amateur, as well as the professor.—No. I. contains a grand military march, and a rondo by Steibelt. Both these compositions are of first-rate excellence; the march in particular is uncommonly fine, and replete with effusions of true harmonic genius.—No. II. presents us with a grand waltz in the best style, and another waltz of peculiar neatness: but the most interesting portion of this number consists of two Spanish marches, the uncommon beauty of which, and decided originality of construction, vouch for their national authenticity.—In No. III. we find two celebrated marches from Mozart's *Idomeneo* (an opera much too little known in this country), a very fine march by Himmel, and a waltz of considerable originality.

If, as we doubt not, the taste and judgment displayed in this selection, shall direct the choice in the future numbers of the *Antologia Musicale* (which is to appear in monthly numbers), the success of such a work is a matter of certainty. Should the plan of the publishers exclude vocal music, we would recommend a separate vocal collection of a similar nature, with English translations from an *able* hand. Hundreds and hundreds of charming foreign compositions for the voice would thus become accessible to English singers.

Hodsoll's Selection of popular Waltzes, arranged for the Piano-forte, Harp, or Violin. Set I. Pr. 2s.

The seven waltzes contained in this book have afforded us half an hour's pleasing relaxation. Most of them are of a superior stamp, and, we may add, good music alto-

gether. Except a typographical error in the second bar of the last line, *p.* 3, where the F should have been G, and an awkward beginning in the bass of waltz III. the harmonic arrangement likewise demands our approbation; it is effective, yet easy. To pupils, therefore, this publication may be well recommended, as affording a series of short, entertaining, and instructive lessons. The marked time, and rhythmical regularity in dance-tunes, when they are good, render them highly proper for *occasional* practice. They tend greatly to impress on the mind a due knowledge of time.

Rob Roy Mac Gregor, a musical Drama, as performed with universal applause at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed, and compiled from old Scottish Airs, by John Davy. Pr. 10s. 6d.

With the exception of one or two concerted pieces, and a portion of the overture (which are by Mr. Davy, and may be termed respectable), this publication consists of a variety of favourite Scotch tunes adapted to new words, or given with the old text. "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch," "Auld lang syne," and other Scotch stock melodies, may be supposed not to have been forgotten in this Caledonian compilation, which has met with very great success on the boards of Covent-Garden; no doubt owing to the fascinating simplicity of some of the Scotch airs. The harmonic arrangement of these contents appears to us upon the whole satisfactory; it is simple and easy of execution, without being too naked.

The Soldier's Return, March and Rondo for the Piano-forte or Harp, dedicated to Miss Morris, by W. F. Ansdell. Pr. 2s. 6d.

If the author of this be of an age which admits of further expectation, we feel warranted, by his labour before us, to promise him decided success as a piano-forte composer. We can perceive that he has studied good music; his ideas are satisfactory, frequently select, and sometimes original. The march is regular, and altogether conceived in proper style; its minore, in particular, is far from being commonplace; the thoughts are impressive, and rather of a novel kind; and the modulations towards the close of *p.* 2 well managed. The theme of the rondo, however neat, is awkwardly supported by ascending sixths in the bass, especially in those places where the fundamental, G, is quite omitted (at the outset it is scarcely shewn). Its minore, *p.* 5, is very good, and the coda in the sixth page equally creditable.

The Saxe-Weimar Waltz, arranged with Variations for the Piano-forte and Flute Accompaniment; respectfully inscribed (by permission) to Her Royal Highness the Duchess Ida of Saxe-Weimar and Eisenach, by J. Jay, M. D. Pr. 3s.

The waltz itself is pretty, and the variations do credit to Mr. J.'s talents. The first is tastefully devised, and No. 2. particularly interesting on account of the neat employment of crossed hands. No. 3. an andante in D minor, exhibits good style, and some good basses. No. 4. a march in F, is respectable, and supported by a proper flute accompaniment; and in No. 5. which is distinguished by its bustling activity, we observe several

attractive quick passages; some appropriate modulations are interwoven in *pp.* 7 and 8; the theme is resumed, *p.* 8, under a richer harmonic colouring; and the termination, *p.* 9, is classically conducted. The whole of this publication evinces taste, combined with a laudable and successful aim to do well. We see no traces of hurried writing, so frequent in modern compositions.

"*Caroline-Hill*," *Romance and Rondino for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Caroline White*, by C. L. Lithander. Pr. 3s.

The romance, which precedes the rondo, is a smooth attractive movement in C, in which key the succeeding allegro is likewise written. In the latter we observe many traces of the taste and skill which have called forth our favourable comment on prior productions from this author's pen. Several clever imitations between the bass and treble deserve our special notice in this instance; and the exhibition of the subject under various keys, as well as the neat manner in which these ideas are linked together, equally claim our unqualified approbation.

Fantasia for the Piano-forte, in which are introduced several favourite Airs, composed, and dedicated to Miss Matilda Hodges, by C. L. Lithander. Pr. 4s.

This is a composition of great merit, replete with indications of an exuberant fancy and true geniality; but, except it be employed as a study, an accomplished performer alone can pretend to render it complete justice. A solemn and imposing andante mäestoso forms the introduction, and this is followed by an allegro, the select and determined subject of which at once insured our favour. Our pleasure, however, was heightened, when we saw this subject turned and twisted (quite *à la* Haydn) in various protean shapes, with the greatest skill and classic feeling. After this allegro sundry melodies are successively propounded under very select harmonic arrangements, yet so as to be separated, or we should rather say connected, by intermediate variations, and digressive matter not directly derived from these. The themes so treated are, "God save the King," "Robin Adair," "Tink-a-tink," "Oh! happy tawny Moor," a Swedish dance of singular originality, "Ye banks and braes." All these subjects are amalgamated into a sort of musical *pot-pourri* with infinite taste, and with no less a degree of sterling science; and the whole is brought to a conclusion (*pp.* 16 and 17) in a masterly manner.

Three Canzonets, Italian and English, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Antrobus, by G. Liverati, late composer to the King's Theatre, Haymarket, and author of the favourite opera *I Selvaggi*, &c.

At the moment when our monthly review was going to press, these canzonets came into our hands, and their great intrinsic value appeared to render it a matter of duty to our readers, not to lose an instant in bringing them under their consideration. Thus limited in point of time and space, we must forego the pleasure we should otherwise have felt in entering upon a regular critical analysis of such rich materials. We have the pride to

think we have established some credit with our readers on the score of impartiality. But, then, will our taste coincide with theirs at all times? If it did in this instance, we might make bold to assure them, that, of vocal music, nothing superior, nay nothing so good, has been written in this country for many years. We feel the sweeping extent of this assertion, but we shall stand by it, as far as our own taste goes. Here we have, in rare combination, elegance of melodic expression, true pathetic feeling, originality of thought, classic treatment, select and scientific harmony; in short, all the requisites of first-rate lyric composition. To these merits, we are happy to add other advantages of a more contingent nature. The Italian text is stated to be from the pen of Sig. Petronj, whose works in prose and in verse, and, among the latter, his epic poem on the naval achievements of Great Britain, have long established his reputation in this country. As to the poetical translation of the Italian words into the English, although it may be perceived that the arduous task of a metrical *ex post facto* adaptation has not been executed by first-rate poetical genius, the ingenuity displayed in the undertaking will appear obvious: the sense of the original is faithfully rendered; and, what we consider of primary consequence, the translation, in point of metrical quantity as well as of expression, goes hand in hand with the melodies of all the three canzonets.

One or two observations remain: the subject of each canzonet ought to have been indicated by some appropriate title, to put the reader in possession of the scene or situation to which the poetry evidently seems to apply. This omission might yet be remedied with ease in future impressions, in the event of which some typographical errors ought to be corrected. For instance, *p.* 2, *l.* 3, *b.* 4, the last B should be A; *p.* 3, *l.* 3, *b.* 1, the first A should be B; *p.* 9, *l.* 1, *bim* should be *bid;* and *l.* 2, *b.* 1, the E's in the bass were, we imagine, intended to be C's. The last canzonet ought to have had three pages; it is too crowded in the two.

FINE ARTS.

PICTORIAL CARDS.

PLATE 35.—FOUR PLAYING-CARDS.

The Seven of Diamonds. A young lady is busily employed in knitting, and by her side is suspended her work-bag, which is formed by the diamond, as is the corner of her handkerchief. The diamond composes the argand lamp, and decorates the vase and other furniture.

The Two of Spades. An elegant female is seated and playing on a guitar, which she seems to accompany with her voice: the spade is converted into a ridicule,

and ornaments the back of the chair.

The THREE OF CLUBS is a scene from the celebrated novel of *Gil Blas*, and represents him in his retirement from the bustle and cares of life, when in company with his beloved Seraphina, he was congratulating himself on his domestic felicity; and the artist seems to have caught the very moment when, as he terms it in the last page of his history, he ventured to form the bold hypothesis, that he himself was the father of her children. The club forms the architectural decorations, and an ornament upon the cradle.

The SIX OF HEARTS is the entrance of an Egyptian temple, at the portal of which are immense figures seated, and bearing vases in their hands. The heart forms the faces of these figures, the bodies of the vases, and an ornament which terminates the hieroglyphic tablets.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE present Exhibition at the British Institution consists of a fine collection of the works of the old masters, particularly of those of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch, and French schools, together with two of those sublime productions by Raphael, known by the name of the *Cartoons*. The gallery contains upwards of one hundred and fifty pictures, and the value of such an Exhibition may be estimated, when it is known that of these, there are seven by Guido, two by Leonardo da Vinci, three by Domenichino, eight by Rubens, two by Lud. Caracci, one by Parmigiano, one by Pordenone, one by F. Mola, two by Both, two by N. Poussin, three by Vanderneer, one by Vanderwerf, one by Paul Potter, six by Jan Steen, five by P. Wouvermanns, four by Berghem, two by W. Vandevelde, five by Paul Veronese, seven by Cuyp, two by Brouwer, four Claudes, one by Moroni, one by Le Nain, three by Velasquez, one by Netcher, two by Schalcken, one by P. de Hooge, four by Ruysdael, two by Guercino, one by Palamedes, two by Le Seur, one by de Witt, one by F. Mieris, two by Van Huysum, four by Hobbima, three by Vandevelde, one by Gerard Douw, twelve by Teniers, four by Ostade, one by K. du Jardin, two by Vandyke, one by G. Metzu, one by Corregio, one by Carlo Dolce, nine by Rembrandt, two by Murillo, two by A. Caracci, one by Giorgione, one by M. de Ferrara, one by M. Angelo and De Venusti, one by Garafolo, three by G. Poussin, two by Salvator Rosa, two by Watteau, two by Titian, and a few others by inferior masters.

The proprietors of these splendid pictures are, his Majesty; H. R. H. the Prince Regent; the Dukes of Wellington, Bedford, and Northumberland; the Duchess of Buccleugh; the Marquises of Stafford and Bute; the Countess de Grey; the Earls of Coventry, Darnley, Yarmouth, Grosvenor, Lonsdale, Derby, Carlisle, Suffolk, Spencer, Warwick, and Mulgrave; Viscount Ranelagh; Lords De Dunstanville and C. Townshend; Hon. A. Phipps; Sirs T. Baring,

G. Warrender, Simon Clerk, and A. Hume; Mrs. Morland; Messrs. C. Long, H. Carr, J. P. Miles, H. P. Hope, G. W. Taylor, W. Beckford, G. Hibbert, W. Smith, G. O. Bowles, J. T. Batt, G. J. Cholmondeley, R. Walpole, C. Duncombe, Francis Freeling, and Ridley Colborne.

The cartoons this year exhibited are, *the Gate of the Temple* and *Christ giving the Keys to Peter.*

It is most gratifying to find, that the directors of the British Institution feel the importance of continuing to procure and exhibit these inimitable productions of Raphael's genius—works which, if studied with attention, are calculated to elevate and refine the taste of our artists, and command the admiration of the public. This magnificent series of coloured designs originally consisted of thirteen works, and represented the origin, sanction, economy, and progress of the Christian religion: seven of these alone exist in the present day, and his majesty has the honour of possessing them. At the sale of the magnificent collection of works of art after the death of Charles I. the cartoons narrowly escaped sharing the fate of the splendid set of Titians in the gallery of that unfortunate monarch; and if a purchaser at the price of only 400*l*. could have been immediately had for them, they would for ever have disappeared from this country. Of these works the learned keeper and professor of painting at the Royal Academy has said, that "in whatever light we consider their invention, as parts of one whole relative to each other, or independent each of the rest and as single subjects, there can be scarcely named a beauty or a mystery of which the cartoons furnish not an instance or a clue."

The cartoon of *the Gate of the Temple* in this gallery, represents Peter healing the lame man, whom he lifts up, and whose feet and ancle-bones immediately receive strength. In front of the composition appears a row of magnificent columns, by the arrangement of which the figures are distributed into three distinct groups. The two apostles, Peter and John, the cripple, and four others, compose the central group. The other compartments represent people going to and from the temple. Various writers have said, that there is not perhaps in the world a picture so thoroughly characterised or so artfully managed as this cartoon. The dignity of Peter, the astonishment, the joy, and mixture of doubt in the cripple, the amazement of the spectators, present such a combination of character and expression, as perhaps never was before embodied in any work of art. In the architectural parts the artist has fled from the established orders, and erected arbitrary columns of his own: the waving line they form has been generally pronounced most graceful, though the licence here taken by Raphael has exposed him to the censure of some critics. The formation and decoration of these columns finely accord with the general arrangement of the subject; and it has been appropriately said, that no substitution of others in their room could take place, without a manifest and total disorganization of the composition.

The other cartoon represents *Christ*

giving the Keys to Peter. Here again the heads and figures are amazingly designed, though fault has been found with the principal figure of our Saviour, which is supposed to have sustained some injury since Raphael's time. The arrangement of the figures is admirable, the draperies are noble and well cast, and the attitudes finely varied and contrasted. Mr. Richardson, who had studied the cartoons, is represented to have said, that "the small piece of drapery in a part of the garment of the outermost apostle, is of great consequence to this picture, which, being folded as under his arm, breaks the straight line of an unpleasing mass of light, and gives a more graceful form to the whole; which artifice is also assisted by the boat. Of the same consequence to the principal figure is the flock of sheep placed behind, which helps to break the line of the drapery, detach the figure from its ground, and illustrate the history."

The Assumption of the Virgin.

We select this small picture, which is the property of H. R. H. the Prince Regent, from the others by Rubens in this collection, because, as a whole, it appears to us his most beautiful and best finished work. There is a softness, a beauty, an angelic expression in the composition, at the same time that it has a spirit and vigour of execution rarely, if ever, surpassed. The wreath of angels which encircles the principal figure is beautiful in the extreme; the buoyancy and spirit of this part of the composition is admirable, and the colouring harmonious and beautiful.

There are some spirited sketches in the gallery by this artist, and also the admirable work of *the crouched Lioness,* which was for a short time at the Royal Academy, for the benefit of the students.

The Assumption of the Virgin. From the Cathedral of Grenada.

This picture embodies in a remarkable degree the beauties and peculiarities of Guido's style. He excelled in female figures, angels, and children, and generally gave to them an engaging propriety of expression; his pencil was soft and delicate; and, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed, the clearness and neatness of his pearly tint contribute not a little to that exquisite beauty and delicacy which so much distinguish his works. It must be confessed, however, that the delicacy of his colouring sometimes approached to rawness, flatness, and insipidity. The picture before us is in his best style. There are others of great beauty in this collection.

The Bishop of Trieste.

The great genius of Vandyke lay in portrait-painting, and the principal sphere of his action was in England, under the patronage of Charles I. The portrait before us is in his best style; the head is inimitably formed, and is in itself a study; the outline, the air, and expression are admirable.

Cattle in a Landscape.—Paul Potter.

This small picture is of the highest value, as being one of the most exquisite landscapes ever painted by this extraordinary artist. The colouring is soft and agreeable, and the cattle seem to breathe from the canvas: they are painted in a masterly manner, and touched with all the truth and spirit of nature.

Landscape, Philip baptizing the Eunuch.—Both.

This landscape, which is the property of H. R. H. the Prince Regent, is in the best style of the artist whose name it bears; a fine warm sunshine sheds its glow throughout the picture, and the tints are quite in the tone and hue of nature. Both entirely confined himself to landscape-painting, in which he excelled: wherever (as in this landscape) figures were introduced, they were, it is said, inserted by his brother, who drew correctly.

The Assumption of the Virgin. From the Couvent des Carmes Déchaussés Caille dal Calla.—Murillo.

The style of this artist was so various, that he could handle with equal skill the most hallowed subjects of sacred history, or the most coarse and vulgar play-scenes of the Spanish peasant-boy. This is strikingly illustrated in the fine collection at Dulwich College. The composition of the picture before us is extremely beautiful; the wreath of angels is light and buoyant, and the lower group extremely poetical. The colouring is soft and harmonious, though some of the shadows appear heavy. We are rather inclined to think, that this appearance is caused by the picture being placed next Guido's bright and pearly representation of the same subject.

The Bonnet Rouge.—Teniers.

This picture, which represents a number of boors smoking, one of whom has hung his red cap on the back of his chair, and thereby given a name to the subject, has long been considered a *chef d'œuvre* by this artist. He exemplifies in it his wonderful powers of imitating and copying the pastimes of village life. From the nature of his subject, his figures were coarse and clumsy, and their expression that of broad humour and noisy merriment. He seems to have caught the character of his boors with inimitable exactness, and the powers of his invention enabled him to infuse infinite variety into his subjects. His pictures are clear and transparent, and he had the art, which Rubens caught from Titian, of relieving his lights by other lights, without the interposition or opposition of strong shadows.

Interior of a Church.—De Witt.

De Witt excelled in architectural perspective, in which he was scientifically correct, and in a happy choice of lights, which he introduced and disposed so as to produce the brightest and most pleasing effect. His lights, as will be seen in this picture, do not fall in from one or two points, but they are reflected from a variety of objects. The tints are clear, and harmonize admirably with the architecture of the building, which is plain and imposing.

Virgin and Child.—Corregio.

A most soft and exquisite specimen of tender expression and colouring.

Virgin and Child.—Carlo Dolce.

The expression in this little picture is good, but the colouring is highly wrought, and has a rawness that admits little repose for the eye.

A Poulterer's Shop.—Gerard Douw.

This is an exquisitely touched picture; it has all the beautiful and transparent colouring which this artist cultivated to so high a point of perfection. The picture before

us exhibits that close copying from nature, that partial and laborious minuteness and finish of execution upon the most trifling part, for which he received such commendation in the Dutch school. The fowls are wonderfully painted.

The Sibylla Libyca.—Lud. Caracci.

The Sibylla Libyca is a very celebrated production by this artist, and embodies much of the grand style; it has great strength and energy of character in the composition, and in the colouring that sober twilight, which suits the gravity of the subject, and gives it an imposing effect.

A rocky Landscape, with Waterfall, Cattle, and Figures.—Berghem.

The bold and spirited style of the artist is here remarkably displayed; the waterfall has a natural and rippling effect, and the general colouring of the picture is harmonious and true.

Gaston de Foix. From the Orleans Collection.—Giorgione.

For powers of execution this is one of the best pictures we have seen by this master.

The Cornaro Family.—Titian.

The picture represents an Italian family at the altar performing their devotions: the principal characters are remarkable for the expression of piety; the drapery on some of them is exquisitely wrought; and the altar is finely executed. The colouring is rather plainer than we generally see in Titian's pictures.

The sick Lady—Group of Villagers, with fighting Cocks.—Jan Steen.

The first of these pictures is full of strong and well-contrasted expression, and the colouring is clear and appropriate. The expression is equally strong and characteristic in the last, and some parts are admirably touched: the colouring, however, has not the same softness; the cap on the head of the stooping boy more resembles the surface of an earthen tile, than the texture of cloth.

Portrait of an elderly Female.—Rembrandt.

There are several works by Rembrandt in this Exhibition, all of them remarkable for the strong and powerful expression which he produced by deep masses of shadow, arranged and distributed so as to reflect but a small portion of light. In the portrait of the elderly Lady, the frill or ruff is executed with astonishing perfection.

View on a River, with Cattle in the fore-ground.—Cuyp.

This view loses something of its character and effect by being seen in an atmosphere so totally different from that which it is intended to present, or that in which it was painted. It is cold, and the reflections on the trees and the cattle are those which snowy objects yield. The picture undoubtedly possesses that transparency which Cuyp so pre-eminently possessed, and the delicacy of handling which gives such value to his views.

Landscapes (Nos. 84 and 88).—Hobbima.

These landscapes are full of that admirable *chiaro-scuro* which distinguished Hobbima, and also the boldness and precision of marking which give such strength and vigour to his works: the distances between the trees are not, however, so well made out as we have sometimes seen; the aërial perspective is not so defined and distributed as

to produce that illusion which at once developes the truth of nature.

There is a number of other works in this collection well entitled to notice, if, consistently with the miscellaneous arrangement of our publication, we could devote more room to this subject: we cannot, however, enter more fully into it, as we must reserve some space for the annual Exhibition at the Royal Academy.

The evening Exhibitions at the British Institution for the fashionable world, commenced the last Tuesday but one of the month, and will be continued every succeeding Tuesday for the season. They were attended by all the most distinguished families in town; and the effect of the light on many of the pictures was in the highest degree fascinating.

EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Last month the *fiftieth* annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy took place at Somerset-House. For the information of our classical readers, we prefix the motto selected by the academic historian for the present year:

"Inest mentibus nostris insatiabilis quædam cupiditas veri videndi. Itaque cum sumus necessariis negotiis et curis vacui, tùm avemus aliquid videre, audire, addiscere, et putamus cognitionem rerum aut occultarum, aut admirabilium esse ad beatè vivendum necessarium."—Cicer. *De Off.* lib. i.

This Exhibition of course consists of a large miscellaneous collection of works in every department of art, and of almost every degree of merit. There are no less than 1117 works set down in the catalogue, a greater number we believe than has ever yet been presented to the public in one collection. The nature of a periodical publication obviously admits but of a brief selection from so large a mass: it is due, however, to the character of our rising artists to state, that their efforts this year shew a marked and decided improvement, which we are sorry our limits will not allow us to illustrate by the many particular examples the walls of Somerset-House at this moment furnish. Portraits, as usual, form the great majority of the pictures, but some of them are of a nature to redeem the taste of the times from the too sweeping censure which some critics have cast on the general encouragement given by the public to this department of art. It generally happens at our annual Exhibitions, that public feeling assigns to some particular artist the pre-eminence in the portrait-painting of the current year: we are not aware on whom the palm has been bestowed at present, but we shall commence our remarks with the portrait which, in our judgment, seems indisputably entitled to the very first place, as a work of art, in whatever way we can look upon it.

Portrait of H. R. H. the Prince Regent.—Sir T. Lawrence, R. A.

This is, we think, one of the finest portraits which has been executed by any of our living artists. Some critics in the public prints of the day have discovered, that it is in parts finished in a careless manner: if this be the fact, all we shall say is, that it is an enviable care-

lessness. We suspect, however, that what has been deemed a fault is a high perfection, and that the artist has incurred the guilt of carelessness by the consummate skill he has shewn in concealing all the means which his art furnished him in producing the astonishing effect of the picture. The attitude is noble and dignified, the drapery flowing and grand, and the back-ground of corresponding character. The robes are wonderfully painted; they have a breadth, grandeur, and richness so true to the texture and folds of the original, that it is impossible at the first view not to be struck with the powerful resemblance. The painting in every part of the picture is exquisite, and the executive parts are finished in the highest perfection.

Portrait of the Duke of Wellington, in the dress he wore, and on the horse he rode, at the Battle of Waterloo.—By the same Artist.

The deep shadows in the back-ground, which are typical of an embattled field, and the dark and flowing cloak of the hero, give great grandeur to this picture. The countenance of his grace is also finely painted: but the attitude of the horse has been the subject of some criticism; the action of the fore legs does not certainly correspond with that of the hinder, and the animal appears to move in a forced and unnatural position.

The portraits of Lady C. L. Gower and Lady Acland and Children, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, are also beautiful.

The Nativity of our Saviour—The Women at the Sepulchre—The Great Mogul presenting to the late Lord Clive the Grant of the Dawannee for the East India Company.—B. West, P. R. A.

The venerable president has been too long before the public, and the merit of his works has been so generally appreciated, that it is unnecessary at this period to say more, than that his pencil retains its wonted vigour. His pictures in this Exhibition are full of dignity and impressive character, and contain the same forcible expression which we have had so often to praise in the works of this venerable and distinguished artist, who has perhaps more than any other man devoted his talents to the cultivation of moral and religious sentiments.

Dante, in his descent to Hell, discovers amidst the flights of hapless Lovers whirled about in a hurricane, the forms of Paolo and Francesca of Rimini; obtains Virgil's permission to address them; and being informed of the dreadful blow that sent them to that abode of torment, at once overcome by pity and terror, drops a lifeless corpse on the rock.—H. Fuseli, R. A.

" E caddi, come corpo morte cade."
DANTE *Inferno*, c. v.

We have many times had occasion to speak of the learned keeper of the Royal Academy, often with admiration of his enthusiasm and talents, and always with respect. His style of painting is long decided and cast; it is *sui generis*, and Mr. Fuseli can only be compared with *himself*. His designs are always grand, and the execution of them often developes a burning and unrestrained imagination, which consumes itself with self-gratification on the subject it works upon, without pausing to consider the effect of the work on the colder and

more fastidious taste of the spectator. The subject above-mentioned from Dante, and another picture called *the Deluge*, but which would not be known for a representation of that event were it not for the name in the catalogue, are the keeper's contributions to the present Exhibition. The figures are drawn with great vigour and spirit; the expression is bold and appalling; and the latitude which the subjects fairly allowed, has been used by the artist to indulge in its full scope the peculiar bent of his genius.

A Scene on the Coast of Norfolk—Departure of the Diligence from Rouen.—W. Collins, A.

The former picture has all the fine touches of finishing which make this artist's landscapes so fascinating and agreeable; and the latter is rather in a new style, and extremely well painted. The bustle of the figures is forcibly expressed The reflection of the lamp-light is correct and well displayed; but the light of the moon, which breaks from above, is beautiful in the extreme. One of these pictures has, we believe, been purchased by H. R. H. the Prince Regent.

Kishnagherry, a Hill-Fort in the Barrah-Mahl, East Indies.—T. Daniel, R. A.

This picture, and some landscape views of the seat of Sir C. Cockerell, are the productions of Mr. Daniel in this year's Exhibition. The former is a rich delineation of Oriental colouring and scenery, the effect of which is novel and agreeable; the latter shew considerable powers, and great taste in the distribution of light and shade over a very pleasing landscape.

Fairies.—H. Howard, R. A.

——" That on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back."

SHAKSPEARE's *Tempest.*

If our great dramatist could have seen this beautiful picture, he would have at once pronounced it a personification of his poetical idea. The exquisite grace of the figures, who " trip on the light fantastic toe," the charms of their colouring, the whole appearance of aërial buoyancy with which the picture abounds, give to it at once all the beauties of poetry, and the charming delusion which they are calculated to excite.

Portrait of the Right Hon. Lord Erskine.—Sir W. Beechey, R. A.

Sir William has several good portraits, among them a beautiful one of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester. Lord Erskine's is admirably finished. The artist has caught the expressive shape and character of the noble lord's forehead, and the marked action of the eyebrows: it is one of the best likenesses we have seen.

Fête Champêtre.—T. Stothard, R.A.

" Again with feather'd feet we bound,
Dancing in a festive round;
Again the sprightly music warms;
Songs delight, and beauty charms:
Debonair and light and gay,
Thus we dance the hours away."

This is a very pleasing poetical picture, and strikingly resembles the style and subjects of Watteau.

Portrait of William Sharpe.—M. A. Shee, R.A.

A very dignified and excellently painted portrait.

The Mouth of the Tyne, with a View of North and South Shields.—A. W. Callcott, R. A.

The three last Exhibitions have

given fine specimens of this artist's style, and of his great powers of execution. This picture, like that of the *Pool of London*, is remarkable for its clearness and transparency. The breadth and distance and truth are strikingly and naturally pourtrayed. The boat appears to be a little too large, but the characters in it are admirable, and so is the reflection in the water. The floating clouds are beautifully painted, but the lower seem if any thing rather heavy. The colour of the blue flag might perhaps have been kept down a little with advantage. These observations are, however, hastily thrown out, and cannot interfere with the general merit of the picture. The perspective is excellent, and the aërial effect is every where beautiful.

Gil Blas and Diego the Barber meeting with the Player.—J. J. Chalon.

There is a good deal of excellent colouring and comic character in this picture, but the execution seems rather hard.

The Errand-Boy—A finished Sketch of Walter Scott, Esq. and his Family. In the centre is Mr. Scott seated on a bank; at his left hand is his friend Captain A. Ferguson, with his two sons, Mr. W. and Mr. C. Scott, and behind them is an old dependant of the family. On the right is Mrs. Scott, attired as a cottage matron, with her two daughters as ewe-milkers. In the front of the picture is Mr. Scott's gigantic stag-greyhound, of the ancient Highland race, now almost extinct; and in the distance is a view of the Tweed, the town and abbey of Melrose, the Eeldon Hills, and the top of the Cowdenknows.—D. Wilkie, R. A.

These pictures are in Mr. Wilkie's characteristic style of finishing. The last, of which so minute a description is given, derives of course some interest from the union of the names of a great poet and painter. It is, however, but a family sketch; the figures perhaps some would think too large, and one or two of them rather heavy. The colouring is good, and we have no doubt the likenesses make it an excellent family picture. There is fine expression in the *Errand-Boy.*

Portrait of Earl Spencer.—T. Phillips, R. A.

An admirable likeness, and equally well painted. There is also great spirit in the portrait of the late W. Honeywood, Esq.

Raby Castle, the Seat of the Earl of Darlington—Dort, or Dordrecht; the Dort Packet from Rotterdam becalmed—The Field of Waterloo.

" Last noon beheld them full of lusty life;
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay:
The midnight brought the signal—sound of strife;
The morn, the marshaling of arms—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe, in one red burial blent!"

Mr. Turner has contributed these three pictures, each of which is in a different style. The first is a view of *Raby Castle*, and a good landscape, with a representation of a fox-hunt. It seems a morning view, and not in very clear weather. The colouring is plain, and the perspective excellent: perhaps this is the greatest merit in the picture. The second is the *Dort View*, which comes much nearer the artist's best style: it is a representation of a

calm, with that appearance of oppressive heat which generally accompanies it. The boat is finely painted, and the grouping inimitable; the reflection on the water is also very fine. The blue in the distance is perhaps a little too powerful for the general effect. *The Field of Waterloo*, in the catalogue, gives a name to the picture which the subject, in the manner it is handled, would not suggest to the spectator. It is more an allegorical representation of "battle's magnificently stern array," than any actual delineation of a particular battle; indeed, the allegory may represent a civil conflict of any kind. It possesses a strong claim to attention from the arrangement of powerful masses of colouring, descriptive of the smoky elements of a wide-spreading conflagration. The group in the centre depicts the merciless carnage of war, and its ravages in domestic life, by the confused and overthrown assemblage of both sexes and all ages, which lie in a mingled heap. There is a good deal of grandeur in the effect of this picture as a whole, and the executive parts are handled with care and attention. The celebrated work of Mr. Turner's in the last Exhibition, *The Fall of Carthage*, is, we think, superior to any in the present, excellent as they are, and most certainly his *chef d'œuvre.*

Hermia and Helena.—W. Allston.

The agreeable colouring of this picture gives it a Venetian look.

Portrait of a Gentleman.—A. J. Oliver, A.

This is a very pleasing and well-finished portrait.

Lord Wake of Cottingham sets fire to his castle, to prevent a visit from King Henry VIII. who was enamoured of his wife.—H. P. Briggs.

The attitude of Lord Wake is extremely striking and good; the execution of the picture is free, but the colouring is in some parts carried rather too far.

Portrait of his Majesty Henry Christophe King of Hayti—Portrait of Prince Victor Henry, Prince Royal of Hayti.—R. Evans.

These two portraits of the chief members of the reigning family of Hayti are in many respects interesting. The likenesses are, we understand, good, and the portraits are well painted.

The Virtue of Faith.—G. H. Harlow.

"And when the woman saw that she was not hid, she came trembling, and falling down before him, she declared unto him before all the people for what cause she had touched him, and how she was healed immediately.

"And he said unto her, Daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace."——*St. Luke*, chap. viii.

In this picture there is a general air in the colour which has a good effect. The head of the Saviour is perhaps the best part of the picture, and the general execution has the merit of freedom and correctness.

The Trial of Algernon Sydney before Judge Jeffreys, &c. &c.—F. P. Stephanoff.

The time chosen in this picture is when the patriot, after having been declared by the chief justice to be insane, stretched out his arm, and exclaimed, "Feel my pulse, my lord." In the attitude of Sydney there is great dignity and energy, and the general arrangement of the subject is good. The artist is, as usual, chiefly distinguished for

the beauty and variety of his colouring.

Portrait of H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester.—G. J. Joseph, A.

This is a striking likeness, and painted in a soft and pleasing manner; it is highly creditable to the artist's taste and skill.

Portrait of an Arabian, the property of the Earl of Powis.—J. Ward, R. A.

This artist has no rival in the delineation of subjects of this kind. The vigour, expression, and life in this portrait, are beyond all praise. It is impossible to say, whether we ought more to admire the anatomical drawing or the fleshy colouring of the animal.

Una with the Satyrs.—W. Hilton, A.

So from the ground she fearlesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of harm.
They, all as glad as birdes of joyous prime,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting and singing all a shepherd's ryme;
And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
Do worship her as queene:
And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with double echo ring;
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring.
SPENSER'S *Faërie Queene*, b. 1. c. vi.

This is a most pleasing and well-finished landscape, in the style of N. Poussin. The subject is quite poetical. The drawing of the figures is good, and the colouring most appropriate. The variety of character is well expressed, and the attitudes and action strikingly displayed. Notwithstanding our partiality to this picture, we are inclined to ask the artist, whether, after seeing its effect in the Exhibition, he does not think the brightness of the landscape interferes in some respect with the figures in the foreground? It struck us so in the light we saw it in when at Somerset-House. The picture does infinite credit to Mr. Hilton, who is a meritorious and painstaking artist.

Portraits of a Group of favourite Dogs, the property of J. Scott, Esq.—H. B. Chalon.

These portraits are remarkable for some beautiful colouring.

Portrait of a Donkey.—E. Landseer.

This little work shews the skill of (we believe) a very young artist in animal-painting.

Venus, Cupid, and the Graces.—R. T. Bone.

One of the best coloured pictures we have seen by this artist.

The Fifth of November.—W. F. Wetherington.

A most humorous representation of a popular practice.

Scene v. *Act* II. *in* "*No Song No Supper.*"—M. W. Sharp.

Endless. Assault me if you dare; if you strike me, it's cognizable in court, as I was not found in any overt act.

The manner in which the artist has handled this subject shews great feeling, and the execution much skill and taste.

Portraits of a Lady and her Daughter.—Madame Varillat.

These portraits are beautifully executed, and reflect the greatest credit on this lady's talents.

Composition of Flowers, Studies from Nature, contained in a Portrait of the Vase presented to E. Kean by the Sub-Committee and Performers of the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane.—Mrs. Pope.

This work has been most favourably spoken of in the public prints, and it deserves all the praise which has been so universally conferred upon it.

The new Wier on the River Wye, painted on the spot.—T. Glover.

This picture is one of the most agreeable views we have seen from Mr. Glover. There is an abundance of air in the distance, and the back-ground is pleasing and romantic. The water is very well painted, and the reflection striking and natural.

An Alderney Bull and Cow, the property of J. Allnutt, Esq.—A. Cooper, A.

The figures in this picture are executed with the truth of nature, which distinguishes the animal-paintings of this meritorious artist.

Imogen.—H. Singleton.

Pisanio. What, shall I need to draw my sword?
——————No! 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
This viperous slander enters.
Cymbeline, act iii. scene 4.

There is a great deal of taste displayed in this picture, and it exhibits a style of execution remarkably free and rapid.

There is a number of other paintings of great merit, but our limits will not admit any further extension of our selection from this department of the Exhibition.

The architectural drawings are numerous, and in a good style. They shew a great proficiency in this useful branch of art, which, at the moment of our being about to enter upon the building of national churches and monuments, is a pleasing reflection for the country. There is a number of excellent drawings, designs, and models in this division of the Exhibition.

SCULPTURE.

The sculptural part of the Exhibition, as usual, presents a large number of busts, and they are in general (and particularly those of Mr. Chantrey) entitled to great praise.

Monumental Alto Relievo in marble.—R. Westmacott, R. A.

He shall give his angels charge over thee.
—*Psalm* xci.

This is a finely executed piece of sculpture, and does great credit to Mr. Westmacott. The angels appear to float with ethereal buoyancy: their being in the attitude of embracing may appear to some rather to savour of human affection and enjoyment, as we are to suppose that angelic bliss requires no external symbol to denote its existence. The fine curve which the figures form has a beautiful effect.

This artist has also a model for a statue, to be cast in bronze, of the late Right Hon. William Pitt. The statesman is represented sitting, with one of his arms extended, as if in the act of making a formal address. This, after all, is an inelegant manner of representing an orator, notwithstanding the great authorities we have for it from Cato downwards. What Dr. Johnson said of Shakspeare, "that he exhausted worlds, and then imagined new," would apply to the attitudes of the ancients, for after copying all the forms and graces of the human frame, these sculptors travelled into ideal beauty, and in attitudes pursued the idea of the moment. One of the finest ancient statues in a sitting posture is we believe the *Agrippina* at Naples:

from this Canova took his idea for the statue of Buonaparte's mother *(Madame Mère)*, which, if we mistake not, has lately come into the possession of H. R. H. the Prince Regent. The model for Mr. Pitt's statue is a good companion for that of Mr. Fox in Bloomsbury-square; but, in our humble judgment, great orators should be placed in more graceful and imposing attitudes.

Cupid disarmed, an Anacreontic.— E. H. Bailey, A.

A poetical subject, executed with great taste, and well entitled to observation. The *Flora* is equally pleasing.

Statue of the Right Hon. Lady Louisa Russell.—F. Chantrey, R. A.

A simple, beautiful, and interesting figure of a playful and innocent child. The simplicity of the attitude and unaffected air of the composition, give this statue an effect which we have rarely witnessed in subjects of a similar nature.

Bust of the late Princess Charlotte, modelled at Claremont, executed in marble for H. S. H. the Prince Leopold.—F. Nicoli.

This bust is a striking likeness of the late lamented Princess; it has the expressive character and dignity for which the original was so remarkable.

There are several excellent models in the Sculpture-Room.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

THE LOVER'S TASK.

(From Introduction to the *Tales of my Landlady*, by PEREGRINE PUZZLEBRAIN.)

(Concluded from p. 302.)

As I saw clearly that nothing but absolute seclusion would ever enable me to finish the task my lovely tyrant so arbitrarily insisted upon, I determined to take a lodging in the environs of London, shut myself up from all society, and devote myself wholly to my pen, till it was completed.

The following morning I began my search, and surely of all lodging-hunters, I deserved to be reckoned the most fastidious. One condition on which I positively insisted was, that there should be no lodger beside myself; and another, that the house should be uniformly quiet, as I declared that the least noise, either day or night, would induce me to move directly.

At length, I was fortunate enough to find apartments, such as I desired, in the house of a respectable widow, in whose favour I was prepossessed the moment I cast my eyes upon her.

She appeared to be something more than fifty, and though she could never, even in her youthful days, have been termed handsome, her countenance was still pleasing; a physiognomist would at the first glance have given her credit for good sense and benevolence. Her neat and plain garb was perfectly suited to her years, and her man-

ners were respectful, without that fawning obsequiousness too general among people of her class.

Our bargain was made in a few words; I ordered my trunk to be moved to my new habitation directly, and in the course of a few hours I was as completely at home as if I had been the old lady's inmate all my life.

The following day I resumed my task, and by dint of continual application, I made some progress: but my sedentary life soon began to affect my health; in less than a fortnight I grew pale and thin, and completely lost my appetite. I had, on taking my apartment, given my landlady a bank-note to provide what was necessary for my table, with directions to call upon me as soon as it should be expended: as I thought that that must be the case, though I had received no intimation of it, I desired to see her.

After we had settled the business on which she came, we fell into chat on various subjects, and after glancing once or twice from me to my writing-desk, my landlady observed, that she feared I applied too closely to business.

The kind solicitude which the good woman's look and tone expressed, pleased me; it was besides more than a fortnight since I had seen a female, and as I am naturally attached to the sex, the sight even of an old woman, after having been so long deprived of all female society, was a treat to me. I soon discovered that my landlady was sensible and intelligent, and had seen a good deal of the world, and before we parted, I engaged her to make my tea herself every evening.

A few evenings only had elapsed, before I felt an inclination to take the good woman's opinion of my work. I recollected Moliere used to read his plays to an old woman, and surely a wight of such very slender pretensions as myself, need not be ashamed to follow his example. In short, I confided the history of my novel to my landlady, and my confidence was soon followed by an earnest request from the old lady to hear a chapter or two.

While I was reading, I was very attentive to the manner of my auditor, and I soon had the mortification, though she was more polished than to express her disapprobation by a yawn, as Moliere's old woman occasionally did, to perceive that the only feeling which my laboured sentiment and fine-spun declamations excited, was complete weariness: to say the truth, I felt for some moments the most author-like resentment at this insult to my talents; but this feeling soon subsided, and I could not help owning to myself, that if I was in her place, I could not have been able to behave so well.

This discovery, however, completely sickened me of my task, and during three days I did nothing but fidget about my apartment, beat the devil's tattoo, begin half a hundred letters to Sophia, and finally devote all the novel-readers and writers in the world, except my dear girl herself, to the infernal gods.

The inquiries of my landlady drew from me at last the cause of my evident disturbance of mind. "Don't you think, my dear madam," cried I, as I concluded my philippic on the obstinacy of my

mistress, "that I should be justified in carrying off this dear perverse girl, and forcing her to give me her hand?"

"I believe," replied my landlady, "I can put you in a way to obtain it, without having recourse to force."—"How so?" cried I eagerly.—"Why," replied she, "it has fallen to my lot to witness a good deal of what may be termed the romance of life. You seem, sir, to be at no loss for language," here she with difficulty restrained a smile, "and I fancy I can furnish you with incidents sufficient to fill two or three volumes."

In the warmth of my gratitude, I was almost tempted to embrace my kind friend, whose considerate proposal I immediately accepted. I took notes of the various communications which she made to me, and having now something to work upon, I proceeded with tolerable rapidity.

Sometimes, indeed, the demon of *ennui*, who is, I suspect, the evil genius of scribblers, would perch upon my writing-desk, and cast her spells around me, till my faculties sunk under her torpid influence, and I became totally incapable of continuing my task. But my subjugation to this malign spirit did not continue long, and as soon as I escaped from her thraldom, I redoubled my diligence.

At length, with a pleasure which can be conceived only by one who loves as passionately as I do, I wrote the delightful word FINIS at the end of my third volume: it was then three o'clock in the morning, and before nine I was on my way to the house of Sophia.

I found her seated at breakfast with her mother: she received me with a blush of pleasure, which added new lustre to her brilliant eyes; and when with an air of triumph I presented my manuscript, she extended her hand to receive it with a smile that repaid me for all my trouble and anxiety.

Such of my readers as have ever been in love will readily believe, that my Sophia found my work very superior to the common run of such performances; but the more she praised it, the more my conscience upbraided me with the deceit I was practising, since, in strict justice, the work belonged rather to my landlady than to myself; and although I was very certain, that it owed all its merit to Sophia's belief that it was the child of my brain, I yet felt that there was a degree of meanness and injustice in appropriating what was, in part at least, the property of another.

To be brief, that vulgar principle, for so one of our modern philosophers has defined common honesty, triumphed, and I acknowledged the truth to the fair arbitress of my destiny.

Though a slight shade of mortification crossed her brow, she soon dispelled it. "I find," said she, with a good-humoured smile, "that Cupid's power of working miracles is more limited than I had supposed; but at least, the little god has taught you to recant some of your heretical opinions on the easiness of book-making."

I eagerly interrupted her, with a declaration that I should henceforward regard it as a very difficult task.

"Well," replied Sophia, "that is something gained, however; and

after all, you have still as good a title to the tales as many other authors; nay, in fact, you have a better, for if the greater part of your work is not your own, at least it is honestly come by."

I kissed with transport the hand of my dear little apologist, nor did I release it till I had gained a tacit consent, that in one month it should be my own.

In the midst of my happiness, I was not unmindful of my worthy landlady. I presented our joint property to a respectable publisher, whom I requested to read the work, and if he thought it worth publishing, to let me know what sum he could afford to give for it; as I intended to present the produce of it, and as much more as I could spare, to the good woman to whom I consider myself indebted for the hand of my Sophia.

We soon agreed about the terms, but a difficulty arose as to the title, which, as my publisher assured me, was a very essential point.

"And pray," said Sophia, who happened to be present, "why should you not call it, *Tales of My Landlady*? Certainly no title can be more appropriate."

Although I had half a dozen names in my head, which I thought would have sounded better, I had profited too much by experience, to give an opinion in opposition to hers, and the MS. was named on the spot.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 37.—WALKING DRESS.

A HIGH dress composed of pea-green sarsnet, made very short in the waist, and with a plain broad back. Long sleeve, rather loose, finished at the bottom with white satin honeycombed. A very full epaulette sleeve, the fulness confined in compartments by silk trimming. The collar is ornamented in a similar style; it stands back, and displays the lace *collerette* or frill worn underneath. The waist is ornamented by a band and tassel, and the bottom of the skirt finished with folds of pea-green satin and rich silk trimming placed alternately. Head-dress, a pea-green satin *toque*, ornamented with flowers. Gloves and shoes to correspond.

PLATE 38.—EVENING DRESS.

A white net gown over a pale blush-coloured slip; the body is made tight to the shape, and cut very low all round the bust, which is delicately shaded by an under front of white lace. The bust of the dress is tastefully ornamented by rich white silk trimming; a band of the same round the waist, with white silk tassels tied in front, gives an elegant finish to the body of the dress. The skirt is trimmed with draperies of net interspersed with bunches of roses: these draperies are placed high, and the skirt is finished round the bottom by a narrow trimming, of a novel description, composed of satin and a rich flounce of blond lace. Short full

sleeve. Head-dress, a *toque* composed of richly embroidered gauze, ornamented with an elegant plume of white feathers, which are placed so as to fall over on the right side. Pearl necklace and ear-rings. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

We are indebted to the invention and taste of Miss Macdonald of 50, South Molton-street, for both our dresses this month.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The summer fashions this year are, with the exception of those adopted by our fair pedestrians, more than usually various and elegant. For walking dress, plainness and simplicity seem to be the order of the day. Plain muslin high dresses, with silk pelisses or spencers, and very large Leghorn, fine straw, or silk and straw bonnets, which are generally trimmed with flowers, are most prevalent. High silk dresses, made always in light colours, and in a manner similar to the one we have given in our print, are also in very general estimation.

For the carriage and dress promenade, pelisses composed of clear muslin, lined with coloured sarsnet, and profusely trimmed with white lace, are considered very tonish. The most elegant of these pelisses which we have seen is composed of fine plain clear muslin, and lined with bright green sarsnet, the skirt gored and made full. The waist is very short, the back is full, and the body richly decorated with lace, put on in a novel and rather whimsical manner in four zig-zag rows, laid one above another, which forms a pelerine and half-sleeve, for they come no farther than the shoulder in front. There is no collar, but a very rich lace ruff, usually left open at the throat, is worn with this pelisse. Long full sleeve, the fulness confined from the wrist about half way to the elbow by narrow bands of bias green satin, which are finished at each edge by a row of gimp. The trimming of the pelisse consists of a broad flounce of lace, which goes up the fronts and round the bottom, and is surmounted by a wreath of leaves formed of joining lace, which is let in immediately above the flounce.

The materials for carriage bonnets are white satin, white gauze, net, or chip: the latter, however, is but partially worn. The crowns of bonnets continue to be made low, but the brims are considerably larger than we ever remember to have seen them: when, however, which is frequently the case, the brim is composed of a transparent material, its immense size does not render it unbecoming. Some bonnets are entirely transparent, but we have not noticed many of them, the most fashionable being either composed of plain white satin, or else having a gauze or net front, with a white satin crown covered with gauze or net. Flowers are the favourite ornaments, but white feathers are adopted for satin bonnets by many *élégantes*. Blond is a great deal used, particularly for satin bonnets, the brims of which are generally edged with it. *Ruches* of blond, net, and gauze, are also in request for the brims of bonnets.

Muslin robes still continue in very great estimation in morning dress; but close round dresses begin also to be a good deal worn. The

bodies of these dresses are made in a style very similar to the robes. The skirts are generally trimmed high, either with flounces of worked muslin, or rouleaus of clear muslin placed between rows of embroidery: some ladies, however, give a preference to *ruches* of soft muslin, placed at a considerable distance from each other; there are three or four of these *ruches*, and they are always very full. Waists continue as short as usual, and long sleeves are worn fuller than last month.

Muslins, satins, and figured silks are the fashionable materials for dinner dress, the form of which has undergone a slight revolution since our last number, as the bodies of dresses are cut something higher, the short sleeve is not looped quite so high, and the backs of dresses are made narrower, and consequently more becoming to the shape. Frocks are more in favour than gowns, and trimmings afford a good deal of variety in form, though very little in material, as they are mostly composed of satin, gauze, or net; the former of which is generally mixed with chenille.

Satin trimmings are in the form of shells or points, with a heading of chenille. Gauze trimmings are disposed in waves, in scollops, and sometimes in flounces; there is always a mixture of satin or chenille with gauze, but in general we think satin predominates. Blond and British net are worn in dress flounces, which are headed either with puffings of narrow full *ruches* of the same material, or else with wreaths of stamped satin leaves or narrow rouleaus of twisted satin. Trimmings composed of ribbon are still considered genteel, but they begin to decline in favour.

The only novelty that has appeared in full dress since our last number is a pretty brace, which forms a very genteel and becoming *corsage*. This brace is composed of white or coloured satin, and is attached to a very full sleeve of net or blond, mixed with satin; these sleeves are put on over a gown, and the brace, which is long, something less than half a quarter in breadth, and rounded at the ends, is folded across the bosom, where it forms the shape in a very becoming manner, brought round the waist, and fastened in a full bow in the middle of the back. These braces are generally edged with a narrow blond, but we have seen one or two finished round the edge with an embroidery of rose-buds, the effect of which was exquisitely beautiful.

Plain and sprigged muslin *cornettes* are much worn in undress; they are made with low cauls, the borders eased with ribbon at the edge, and the fulness of the back part of the caul confined with easings: the ears of these caps, which are very narrow, fasten under the chin with a bow of ribbon, and a full bow of broader ribbon is placed nearly in the centre of the head-piece.

In full dress, *toques*, turbans, caps, and small hats, are all considered fashionable; even the most youthful *belle* covers at least partially her beautiful tresses with one or other of them. Our limits will not permit us to enter into a particular description of their various forms; we shall, therefore, only observe, that the crowns of hats and the cauls

of caps are always of a moderate height: the former are composed of white satin, or satin to correspond with the dress; the latter of lace, or else of a mixture of satin and lace. Some also are of net, the fulness of the caul divided by rouleaus of white satin; these have a light and tasteful appearance: but perhaps the most strictly appropriate to full dress are those composed of blond, with a mixture of satin. Caps are always ornamented with flowers. *Toques* and turbans have sometimes flowers, but oftener feathers or silver ornaments; they are also frequently trimmed with the material of which they are made. Hats, the brims of which we must observe are always small, are invariably decorated with feathers.

Plain gold ornaments are most fashionable in half-dress jewellery; white cornelian is also partially worn.

Pearls are universally adopted in full-dress jewellery.

By next month we shall probably be able to make some observations on the manner in which the hair is worn in full dress, but the passion for covering it has prevented any novelty from being observable lately.

Fashionable colours for this month are the same as last, with the addition of wild-rose colour and pale blue.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, May 20.

My dear SOPHIA,

THE papers will have announced to you, before you receive my letter, the death of the venerable Prince de Condé, as well as the short court mourning which has been ordered for him. I shall say nothing to you about the mourning, because it is confined to those immediately connected with the court, and is, in fact, similar to what I described on the lamented death of her late Royal Highness Princess Charlotte of Wales: I shall, therefore, proceed to detail to you the fashions, beginning, as usual, with the promenade costume, which exhibits more variety than when I wrote to you last. Pelisses have disappeared; their place is supplied by spencers, muslin dresses, which are worn with pelerines to correspond, and silk gowns, made also with pelerines. I will begin with the spencers, which, though not quite so much in favour as the muslin and silk dresses, are very pretty, and have a good deal of novelty in their make.

Reps and levantine are the favourite materials for spencers, the waists of which are worn a very little longer than they have been for some time past. *Tabs*, so lately exploded, are again in fashion, but they are rather deeper than they used to be worn. The spencer is cut without any seam; the back is plain and of a moderate breadth; the collar slopes gradually back from the throat; it is high behind, and stands out from the back of the neck. The long sleeve is nearly tight to the arm, and covers almost half of the hand. There is generally a half-sleeve, which is short; it is cut in points, which are fastened down, and the space between them filled up with a lacing of che-

nille. The spencer fastens down the front with silk frogs, and two rows of chenille braiding, one broad, the other narrow, go up the front and across the back. The bottom of the long sleeve is also finished with chenille braiding. These spencers are worn in white, lilac, and citron silk, but white trimmed with lilac chenille is considered most elegant.

Perkale is the only kind of muslin at present adopted for promenade dress. The bodies of gowns continue to be made tight to the shape, and the long sleeve is likewise nearly tight to the arm. The skirts are worn of a moderate fulness, and are ornamented round the bottom either with narrow flounces, Spanish puffs, or a trimming which our *marchandes des modes* call a *ruche*, and your milliners, I think, term a *chevaux de frise:* this last trimming is worn much narrower than it is with you.

The Spanish puffs and flounces are usually six in number, and placed very close together, the first being merely divided by a cotton cord placed between them: there are not more than two rows of the *ruches*, but each row contains six falls; one of these is placed at the very bottom of the dress, and the other at the distance of about half a quarter and nail from the bottom. The pelerines worn with these dresses entirely conceal the body of the gown; they are very large, and always fasten behind; they are trimmed with a single row of *ruche*, or a double row of Spanish puffs or flounces.

Now let me speak to you of *chapeaux*, which are strictly appropriate to the season, being generally composed of crape, gauze, or *tulle*. Leghorn and straw are partially worn; and I must observe, that the French bid fair to rival the Italians in the manufacture of straw, as several of the French straw hats are so exquisitely fine that they might be mistaken for Leghorn.

Chapeaux still continue to be worn low in the crown, and with large brims, some of which are square just in front, others are round, and some deeper on one side than the other; but in one particular they are all alike, that of nearly meeting under the chin.

It is chiefly in the trimming of hats that the excessive versatility of Parisian taste is displayed. Scarfs of plaid gauze, wreaths of lilacs, or roses without leaves and very large, and bunches of flowers, are all in request. The edges of the brims of hats are decorated with folds of gauze cut bias, and *ruches*, Spanish puffs, and *bouillons* also of gauze; blond, ribbon, and *tulle* are likewise in request, and all so equally in fashion that it would be difficult to say which predominates. But within these few days a new *chapeau* has appeared; it is composed of *tulle*, and the edge of the brim is embossed in a running pattern of leaves of yellow straw. This *chapeau* was sported for the first time by a pretty *comtesse* who is distinguished for the elegance of her taste, and the effect of the straw-embroidery round the brim is so much admired, that it promises to become general: it is not, however, novel, for it has been worn before on velvet and on satin, though never on light materials.

While I am on the subject of promenade dress, I must not forget

to notice our parasols: the most fashionable are of azure silk with white silk fringe; they are in general large, and in the hands of a French *belle* almost as formidable to the gentleman as the fan was formerly considered in those of our countrywomen. You will perhaps, my dear Sophia, suppose that the mode of carrying a parasol is too simple to admit of any display either of grace or coquetry; but half an hour spent in our promenades would make you change your opinion.

Perkale is now the only thing worn in morning costume. Gowns are made nearly as they were when I wrote last, except that sleeves are tighter and waists longer: the large plaits too in which the flounces were disposed, have disappeared, and ruffs are very little worn within doors; small laced handkerchiefs, tied carelessly round the throat, are substituted in their stead, and have certainly a much better effect.

Dinner gowns are made of *perkale*, of slight silk, and of worked muslin: the latter is, however, but little worn. They are cut low in the neck, but not indelicately so, and generally made tight to the shape: they are trimmed in the style of those worn for the promenade; in fact, with the addition of a pelerine, they form promenade dresses.

Figured gauze is at present the favourite material for full dress; but plain and striped gauze is also in request, as is likewise *tulle* and white satin: the latter is much in favour for dress gowns, but it is no longer in request for slips; our fair fashionables substitute rich white sarsnet in its place. Trimmings in full dress have not varied since I wrote last; but the robe *à l'enfant* has given place to *corsages* of different descriptions: some are composed of different coloured ribbons platted together, which at a distance appear like plaid silk; they are cut lower round the bust than the under dress, and have always a full *ruche* of blond round the bosom. The sleeves are of *tulle*, if the gown with which the *corsage* is worn is satin, otherwise they correspond with it; they are very short and full.

Some *corsages* are made of white or coloured satins; but the prettiest of them that I have seen, was one composed of *tulle:* it was worn over a lilac satin dress, and was gaged with very small lilac silk cord; the gagings, of which there were five or six in the body, were laid on zig-zag, and the bosom and bottom of the waist trimmed with blond lace; that at the bottom of the waist was put very full just behind, and rounded in front so as to form one of the smartest little jackets I ever saw. The sleeves were composed of very broad blond lace, and were looped on the shoulder with pearl ornaments in the shape of leaves. I recommend this *corsage* to your particular attention, my dear Sophia, because I consider it one of the most elegant dress bodies I have seen for some time.

I perceive that in speaking of the trimming of hats, I have omitted to mention, that *chapeaux* of straw never have any trimming round the edge of the brim, and that *cornettes*, so much in fashion some time ago under hats, are now exploded: they form, however, an indispensable part of home costume

for undress, but are not much worn either in half or full dress.

Toques are more in favour than they were during the two last months. The most fashionable for full dress are composed of *tulle* or crape scarfs spotted with silver, and finished at the ends by a silver fringe; these *toques* are made of a moderate height, the scarf is disposed in a number of folds round the crown, and they are ornamented only with rosettes formed of the scarf in front.

Coral ornaments are still considered fashionable both in full and half dress jewellery, but they are very frequently mixed with pearl, and still oftener with burnished gold.

There is nothing novel in the manner of dressing the hair: very young ladies ornament it with large wreaths of flowers, which are brought very low on the forehead; sometimes a bunch of flowers is placed behind, at others an ornamental comb. *Toques*, turbans, dress hats, and sometimes but rarely caps, are adopted by matronly ladies.

I was introduced last night to a *merveilleuse*, whose time and thoughts are devoted to her toilet; she is not ambitious of appearing well dressed, but she doats upon being attired as unlike other people as possible. I am told, however, that she sometimes strikes out fashions which are really becoming and tasteful. She is to appear in a few days at a *bal paré*, for which I hear she has invented an uncommonly pretty dress: if it is worth noticing, I shall send you an account of it in my next. Adieu, dear Sophia! Believe me always your EUDOCIA.

I forgot to tell you, that the only colours at present considered fashionable are, rose-colour, lilac, and citron-colour. White is, however, more in favour than any thing.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

EARLY in June will be published, the second part, containing 40 pages, of *Ornaments from the Antique*, for the use of architects, sculptors, and painters, printed from stone at R. Ackermann's lithographic press.

In the press, *The Book of Common Prayer*, and Administration of the Sacraments, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church, according to the use of the united Church of England and Ireland: with translations into the Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, French, and German languages. This work will be comprised in one quarto volume, uniform to a Polyglot Bible, also in one quarto volume, now publishing by Mr. Bagster of Paternoster-row, by whom the names of subscribers will be received; and it is hoped that this publication will make the Common Prayer still more acceptable to the scholar and student, and ensure the approbation and encouragement of the clergy and friends of the established church. A Common Prayer in each of the above languages, in a beautiful pocket volume, will be published at the same time.

A *Romance* from the pen of Mrs. Isaacs, authoress of Tales of To-

day, Ella St. Laurence, &c. &c. is in the press, and will appear in a short time.

Mrs. Richardson is translating from the French of Madame de Sousaz, the interesting tale of *Eugenie et Matilde, ou Memoires de la Famille de Mons. de Revel.*

Captain Bosquett's *Treatise on Dueling*, with the Annals of Chivalry, will appear this month.

In a few days will be published, *Edward Wortley*, a novel; to which is added, *The Exile of Scotland*, a tale, in three volumes, said to be written by William Gardner, professor of belles lettres in Sydney, Gloucestershire.

Verezzi, a romance of former days, in four volumes, by Robert Huish, Esq. is in the press.

The author of The Steyne has in the press a new satirical novel called *Bath*. The story is founded on fact, and the principal personages that figure in it are a northern duke and a military marquis.

A new and elegant edition of Seneca's *Morals*, in one volume 8vo. embellished with a fine portrait, will appear early in June.

Mr. Wilson has now in the hands of the engraver, the whole of the *Quadrille Figures*, illustrated by diagrams, and arranged in a new and systematical manner.

Mr. Richard Lawrence is preparing for publication *Forty Etchings*, selected from the most beautiful and least mutilated specimens in the Elgin collection; together with critical remarks on the style, composition, and peculiar excellence of these relics of Grecian sculpture.

Mrs. Yosy, author of a Description of Switzerland, has in the press, *Constancy*, or *Leopold*, in four or five volumes.

Captain Light, of the royal artillery, will soon publish, in a 4to. volume, *Travels in Egypt, Nubia, the Holy Land, Mount Lebanon, and Cyprus*, with plates.

J. Morier, Esq. has in great forwardness, *A second Journey through Persia and Constantinople* in 1810-16, in a 4to. volume, with maps, coloured costumes, and other engravings.

Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson is printing, in a 4to. volume, *A Narrative of an overland Journey from India*, performed in the present year, with engravings of antiquities, costume, &c.

Captain Bonnycastle, of the royal engineers, is preparing for publication, *Spanish America*, or *An Account of the Dominions of Spain in the Western Hemisphere*, illustrated by maps.

T. Walford, Esq. will soon publish, in two pocket volumes, *The Scientific Tourist through England, Wales, and Scotland.—The Scientific Tourist through Ireland* is also in the press.

Macklin's *Bible*, with its splendid engravings, is preparing for republication on an improved and far less expensive plan, in atlas 4to.; including a preface and historical accounts of the several books, by the Rev. Dr. Edward Nares.

Mr. Valpy has issued a prospectus for publishing by subscription, a new and corrected edition of the Delphin Classics, with the *variorum* notes appended, to be entitled *The Regent's Edition*. It is to be printed in a neat and uniform manner. The maps will be beautifully executed; and the wood-cuts at

present existing in the Delphin and *variorum* edition will also be inserted. The notes will be printed at the end of each author, and the various readings placed under the text. The best indices will be adopted, and carefully collated with the text. The Delphin *Interpretatio* will be placed under the text, to preserve the beauty of the page; and the *Literaria Notitia*, from the Bipont editions, continued to the present time, will be added to each author. The whole will be uniformly printed in 8vo. Each part will contain 672 closely printed pages: the whole will make about 120 or 130 parts. The necessity of publishing such a national work by subscription is obvious, as it prevents all apprehension of any check to its completion, and without which it could not be undertaken. Only a certain number of copies will be printed; the work cannot, therefore, be sold in separate parts. Each part is to be paid for on delivery.

A correspondent requests us to insert the following article: Having to spend a considerable part of my time in a room at some distance from my library or bookcase, I too frequently find my table so encumbered with books, pamphlets, newspapers, &c. &c. that room is not left for writing at all; to obviate which, a very ingenious architect (Mr. Hay, who is at this time residing at Kenelworth,) has furnished me with a valuable piece of furniture, that completely obviates all my former inconveniences. It is called Hay's Libraret, and is made of mahogany, about 18 inches high, 14 inches wide, and 5 inches deep. The upper part is calculated for duodecimos, 8 inches high, &c.; the next for magazines, pamphlets, newspapers, &c. &c. 5 inches high. The paper-folio and drawers are 8 inches deep; the left-hand drawer is for ink, pounce, wafers, and pens; the bottom is covered with baize. This will be found a most useful piece of furniture to either ladies or gentlemen, but more particularly so to invalids and people of sedentary life.

Poetry.

To ****.

Ah! should we never meet again
(And such I fear is Fate's decree),
Waste not one tender thought in vain,
Nor e'er bestow a sigh on me!

Alas! I could not bear to know,
That grief had made thy breast its shrine;
Nay, let the worm of pain and woe
Prey only on this heart of mine.

For it is temper'd to the tooth
Of anguish, ev'n when most severe:
Oh! what can bite like base untruth
In those whom we had deem'd sincere?

Friendship! thou art a vagrant sound—
A phantom, which doth oft mislead;
Full well thou know'st the heart to wound,
And mock it when thou seest it bleed.

***

A PICTURE.

A thousand faults in man we find,
Merit in him we seldom meet;
Man is inconstant and unkind,
Man is false and indiscreet.

Man is capricious, jealous, free,
He's insincere, vain, trifling too;
And yet the women all agree,
For want of better he *must* do!

LINES,

Addressed to JOHN CARNEGIE, Esq. Author of "Larga's Vale."

Though Eden's groves and fragrant bowers
Salute no more the genial sky;
Though Salem's* fane and Ilion's towers
No longer strike the admiring eye:

Yet Poesy, celestial maid,
To rescue from oblivion's sway,
Lends her immortalizing aid,
And guards from ruin and decay.

Thus Larga's beauteous vale, pourtray'd
By heav'n-inspired Carnegie's hand,
Shall, in his magic strain array'd,
Ev'n Time's destroying pow'r withstand.

Long as the sun's enlivening ray
Shall nature's wonted charms renew,
Or quivering leaves adorn the spray,
Or Morning's locks be gemm'd with dew;

So long shall Larga's verdant plain,
Her varied scenes and views sublime,
Live in her bard's descriptive strain,
And flourish unimpair'd by time!

WILLIAM COATES.

* Jerusalem.

THE ALTERCATION.

Tune—*The Boulanger.*

Written by Lady BORRINGDON.

Pray, papa—pray, papa, stay a little longer!
Pray, papa—pray, papa, stay a little longer!
Come, come, my dear, no nonsense,
You've had enough in conscience;
Now call that powder'd footman in,
And bid him bring your pelisse in—
You know I gave you warning,
I can't stay here till morning.
Pray, papa, &c.

Your partner must excuse you,
'Twont break his heart to lose you,
And if you look so cross at him,
I'm sure you'll be no loss to him;
The coach I know is calling,
See here, they've brought your shawl in.
Pray, papa, &c.

This comes of dissipation,
Do have some moderation;
For if you're so importunate,
You'll never make your fortune at
These hops and jigs and races,
No matter what your face is.
Pray, papa, &c.

I'll have no more resistance,
Remember, child, the distance;
The weather too is foggish,
The roads are deep and boggish;
Our coachman too is drunken,
You know the ditch we sunk in.
Pray, papa, &c.

The nights are very cold ones,
The horses are but old ones;
Our family is regular,
Indeed, child, I must beg you'll hear,
You keep the carriage waiting,
Let's have no more debating.
Pray, papa, &c.

Do have your wits about ye;
Your grandfather is gouty,
He takes the *eau médicinale,*
'T'ant right we should be missing all;
Come, haste and make an end on't,
You've seen the last, depend on't.
Pray, papa—pray, papa, stay a little longer!
Pray, papa—pray, papa, stay a little longer!

INDEX.

A.

Accum, Mr. his Chemical Amusement announced, 60—new edition of his Treatise on Gas-Light announced, 307
Ackermann, Mr. account of his patent moveable axle for carriages, 163, 234, 307
Addison, J. review of his "Charlotte's Urn," 44
Adviser, correspondence of the, 152, 205
Affection, filial, rewarded, 157
Algebra, Treatise on, announced, 251
Alston, W. remarks on pictures by, 164, 365
Amende Honorable, the, 324
Amphion, account of, 6
Ansdell, W. F. review of the Soldier's Return, 353
Antologia Musicale, review of, 352
Arcas, History of, 74
Arnald, G. remarks on a picture by, 168
Arts, fine, 47, 110, 180, 238, 298, 355
Arrowsmith, Mr. James, his Analysis of Drapery announced, 308
Astarte, a poem, announced, 189
Attwood, Thomas, review of his "Can language paint the lover's bliss?" 106
Author's Bureau, the, 154
A Week's Holidays at Home, or the Townly Family, announced, 122
Axle, account of a new one, 163, 234, 307

B.

Baines, Mr. Edward, his History of the Wars of the French Revolution announced, 60
Bailey, E. H. remarks on a piece of sculpture by, 368
Bakewell, Mr. notice respecting his lectures on geology, 124
Ball, W. review of his "Lost in all a lover's madness," 108—"Softly opes the eye of day," 178—"When zealous fears inspire us," 285
Barney, J. sen. and jun. remarks on pictures by, 168, 292
Barrett, G. remarks on a picture by, 290
Bath, a novel, announced, 378
Baynes, E. D. his translation of Ovid's Epistles announced, 190
Beale, R. review of his "Jolly old Bacchus," 287
Beatrice, or the Fracas, 47, 110, 181, 239
Beechey, Sir W. remarks on pictures by, 166, 167, 363
Beer, ropy, remedy for, 8
Berghem, remarks on a picture by, 360
Billinsgate, address to the dames of, 33
Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes, 10
Bishop, H. R. review of his "Sweet rose of England, fare thee well!" 40
Blake, W. remarks on his designs illustrative of Blair's Grave, 278
Bloomfield, Mr. R. new poem by him announced, 189
Boa Constrictor and Goat, 51
Bochsa, N. C. review of his Divertimento for the Harp, 45—his variations to Mozart's "Ah Perdonna al primo affetto," 106
Bone, R. T. remarks on a picture by, 366
Bonnycastle, captain, his Spanish America announced, 378
Booker, Dr. poetry by, 61
Both, remarks on a picture by, 359
Braham, Mr review of his "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," 230
Brazil, Description of, announced, 308
Briggs, H P remarks on a picture by, 365
British Institution, exhibition of, 164, 356
British Madeira, receipt for, 9
Britton, Mr. his History and Antiquities of the Cathedral of Winchester announced, 122—notice respecting his Illustrations of York Cathedral, 122
Brohier, J. H. his English and French and French and English Cambist announced, 189
Brooke, Arthur, Collection of his Poems announced, 189
———, Mr. his sentiments on matrimony, 335
Burke, Mr. anecdote of, 277
Burnett, John, remarks on a picture by, 169
Burney, Miss, her Lady Avondel's Song reviewed, 231
Burns, remedy for, 103
Burrowes, J. F. review of his Select Melodies, 105, 177—his select airs from Il Don Giovanni, 176—The Piano-Forte Primer, 284
Button, Whitaker, and Co. review of their Selection of Dances, 106
Byron, Lord, remarks on, 304

C.

Calcott, A. W. remarks on a picture by, 363
Calkin, J. review of his The Gordon Waltz, 231
Cant, religious, 336
Caracci, L. remarks on a picture by, 360
Cards, pictorial, description of, 47, 110, 180, 238, 293, 355
Carey, Mr. W. his Life of James Summerfield announced, 251—Biographical Sketch of B. R. Haydon, Esq. announced, 251—his remarks on Blake's designs illustrative of Blair's Grave, 278
———, Dr. his Eton Latin Prosody announced, 251
Carlisle, Mr. his Account of the endowed Grammar Schools in England and Wales announced, 123
Carnegie, Mr. John, poetry by, 309
Carriages, patent moveable axle for, 163, 234, 307
Cattermole, R. remarks on pictures by, 290
Cawse, J. remarks on a picture by, 291
Cement, method of making, 8
Chalon, A. engravings from his Portraits of the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold announced, 250
———, H. B. remarks on pictures by, 366
———, J. J. remarks on pictures by, 170, 364
Chambers, R. his Geographical Questions and Exercises announced, 308
Chantrey, F. remarks on a piece of sculpture by, 368
Chillon, castle of, described, 64
Clarke, James, review of his "Les Plaisirs de l'Eté, 233
———, Dr. review of his Twelve Vocal Pieces, 349
Coggins, Jos. review of his Anagram, 43—"Sally," 109—Les Sœurs, 180
Collins, W. remarks on pictures by, 167, 363
Cologni, account of, 4
Comedy, Italian, sketch of one, 276
Common Prayer-Book announced, 377

Compounder of felony, 335
Conchologist, the, 334
Conjugal concealment, dangerous effects of, 93, 136
Cooper, A. remarks on pictures by, 169, 367
Cope, L. remarks on a picture by, 168
Corregio, remarks on a picture by, 359
Correspondence of the Adviser, 152, 205
Cramer, J. B. review of his Les Suivantes, No. II. 177
Croker, Miss, her The Question, who is Anna? announced, 251
Curtis, Mr. his treatment of the diseases of the ear, 61, 189
Curwen, J. C. his Tour through Ireland announced, 123
Cuyp, remarks on a picture by, 360
D.
Dallas, R. C. his Felix Alvarez, or Manners in Spain, announced, 123
Daniel, T. remarks on a picture by, 363
Dangerous effects of conjugal concealment, 93, 136
Darke, Mrs. her Sonnets announced, 308
Dauphin (Louis XVII.) anecdotes of, 11
Davy, Mr. review of his Rob Roy MacGregor, 353
Debate, the, 274
De Bonnivard, Francois, account of, 65
De Genlis, Madame, her Reeds of the Tiber, 78, 139, 200
De Witt, remarks on a picture by, 359
Denman, James, review of his "Le Garçon Volage," 179
Deshoulieres, Madame, anecdote of, 38
Diogenes, anecdote of, 277
Disappointed Love, 112
Dodd, George, his Dissertation on Steam Engines and Steam Packets announced, 124
Dolce, Carlo, remarks on a picture by, 359
Domestic Commonplace-Book, the, 7, 101
Douw, Gerard, remarks on a picture by, 359
E.
Ear, improved treatment of the diseases of, 61, 124
Ecclesiastical Biography announced, 189
Eckard, M. his anecdotes of the Dauphin, 11
Etty, W. remarks on pictures by, 169
Evans, R remarks on a picture by, 365
Everett, T. B review of his Sonata for the Piano-Forte, 173—his Grand March for the Piano-Forte, 287
Extravagance and avarice, 336
F.
Faithhorn, Mr. his Facts and Observations on Liver Complaints announced, 308
Falsehood, fatal Consequences of, 145
Fashions for ladies, 53, 114, 183, 243, 294, 371
———————— observations on, 54, 115, 184, 244, 295, 372
Fawcett, rev. John, Account of his Life and Writings announced, 124
Felony, the compounder of, 335
Female Philosophy, 225
Female Tattler, the, 33, 97, 171, 217, 280, 345
Filial Affection rewarded, 157
Floricour, or national Prejudices, 84
Flour, method of detecting the adulteration of, 8
Forrester, Charles Henry, review of his "The Cottager's Welcome," 109
Fox, Mr. anecdote of, 336
Fradelle, remarks on a picture by, 290
France, Sentimental Travels to the South of, 12, 66, 131, 192, 256, 315
French Female Fashions, 56, 119, 186, 247, 297, 374
Fruit-trees, method of preserving them from hares and rabbits, 7—improvement of, 101
Fuller, Mr. impromptu by, 335
Fuseli, H. remarks on pictures by, 362
G.
Gardner, W. his Edward Wortley, &c. announced, 378
Gastineau, H. remarks on a picture by, 292
Geneva, description of the lake of, 1—account of the city of, 5—view of the extremity of the lake of, 63
Gent, Thomas, poetry by, 190
Ghost Discovered, the, 38
Giorgione, remarks on a picture by, 360
Gipsy's Prophecy, the, 205
Gleaner's Commonplace-Book, extracts from, 277
Glover, J. remarks on a picture by, 170
———, W. remarks on pictures by, 291
———, T. remarks on a picture by, 367
Gouldsmith, Miss H. remarks on pictures by, 169, 290
Grattan, Mr. anecdote of, 277
Grosse, Wm. review of his "Rapt in new joys Britannia sat," 42—his "Amusement entre nous," 46
Guido, remarks on a picture by, 358
Gustavus and Julia, or Constancy Rewarded, 336
Guttmann, G. A. his Elegy to the Memory of the Princess Charlotte reviewed, 43
H.
Hamet, an Eastern tale, 262
Harlow, G. H. remarks on a picture by, 365
Harvey, J. jun. review of his "Le Retour des Vendangeurs," 179
Hay's Libraret, notice respecting, 379
Haydon, B. R. remarks on pictures by, 289
Heaphy, Mr. his British Characters announced, 123
Hempel, rev. G. C. L. his method of improving fruit-trees, 101
Hills, R. remarks on a picture by, 292
Hilton, W. remarks on a picture by, 366
Hoare, Prince, Life of Granville Sharpe by him announced, 189
Hobbima, remarks on pictures by, 360
Hodsoll's Popular Waltzes, review of, 352
Hofland, T. C. remarks on a picture by, 165
Holcroft, Fanny, review of her "Sweet Friendship," 108
Hoonga, description of the cavern of, 221
Horn, C. F. review of his "Flow, flow Cubana," 109
Horsley, W. review of his Sonata for the Piano-Forte, 45—"My dearest Love," 45
Howard, H. remarks on pictures by, 166, 363
Huish, Robert, his Verezzi announced, 378
Hutton, W. extract from selections from his writings, 303
I.
Imitations of original Drawings by old Masters announced, 60
Ingalton, W. remarks on a picture by, 168
Ink for marking linen, receipt for, 10
Intelligence, literary, scientific, &c. 59, 122, 189, 250, 307, 377

Isaacs, Mrs. Romance by her announced, 251, 377
Italian comedy, sketch of one, 276
J.
Jackson, John, remarks on a picture by, 169
Jansen, L. review of his Anthem, 108—"Adieu, good night," 180
Jay, Dr. J. review of his "What it is to love," 286—review of his Saxe-Weimar Waltz, 353
Johnson, lieutenant-colonel, his Narrative of an overland Journey from India announced, 378
Joseph, G. J. remarks on a picture by, 366
K.
Kiallmark, G. review of his "The Flowers of Love," 106—"The Morning of Love," 232 —"Oh! it was not for me that I heard the bells ringing," 288
Kirk, Mr. his method of preventing mildew in peach-trees, 8
Klose, F. J. review of his "Chatsworth House," 235
Kreusser, P. A. review of his "Le Regret," 103
L.
Lacey, J. M. poetry by, 62
Ladies, fashions for, 53, 114, 183, 243, 294, 371
————— observations on, 54, 115, 184, 244, 295, 372
Lake, J. W. his poems announced, 189
Landseer, A. remarks on a picture by, 169
——— E. remarks on pictures by, 292, 366
Latour, T. review of his Rousseau's Dream, 46
Lawrence, Sir T. remarks on pictures by, 361, 362
———, Mr. Richard, his Etchings of the Elgin Marbles announced, 378
Leslie, C. R. remarks on a picture by, 169
Libraret, Hay's, notice respecting, 379
Light, captain, his Travels in Egypt, Nubia, &c. announced, 378
Linen, ink for marking, 10
Linnell, J. remarks on pictures by, 291
Lithander, C. L. review of his L'Allegrezza, 232—La Delicatesse, 288—Caroline-Hill, 354—Fantasia for the Piano-Forte, 354
Liverati, G. review of his Musica Flebile, 175 —his Tre piccole Ariette, 230—Three Canzonets, 354
Lodge, rev. Oliver, his Lectures on the Gospel of St. Matthew announced, 309
Lover's Task, the, 300, 368
M.
Mackay, Mr. his Lady's Encyclopædia announced, 122
M'Mullan, Mrs. poetry by, 312
Maddison, G. W. review of his Three Waltzes and Trios, 232—"Fare thee well," 286
Madeira, British, receipt for, 9
Martin, J. remarks on a picture by, 168
Matrimony, 335
May, Dr. his collection of tracts on the Reformation, 123
Mildew, method of preserving fruit-trees from, 8
Minasi, Mr. his allegorical design of the Princess Charlotte announced, 190
Miscellanies, 12, 66, 131, 192, 256, 315
M'Leod's Voyage in the Alceste, extract from, 51
Monro, J. review of his "Sorrow's Wreath," 44—"Mary, the Maid of the Green," 108—Le Tournesol, 178—"If Jamie keeps wooing, poor Jenny must go," 234
Morier, J. his Second Journey through Persia and Constantinople announced, 378
Murillo, remarks on a picture by, 359
Musical Review, 40, 103, 175, 229, 284, 349
N.
Nares, rev. Dr. his edition of Macklin's Bible announced, 378
Nash, Mr. his Views of Paris announced, 251
Neptune's address to the dames of Billingsgate, 33
New-Year's Gifts, 24
Nicholson, C. his Select Melodies reviewed, 105, 177
Nicoli, F. remarks on a piece of sculpture by, 368
Nightmare Abbey, a novel, announced, 308
O.
Oil and Water Colours, Exhibition of Painters in, 288
Old Maids, apology for, 342
Oliver, A. J. remarks on a picture by, 365
Ornaments from the Antique announced, 377
P.
Papworth, Mr. his Architectural Hints on Cottages Orné, Villas, &c. announced, 60
Peach-trees, prevention of mildew in, 8
Peck, Mrs. new work by her announced, 123
Perquisites of office, 334
Phillips, Mr. W. his Outlines of Mineralogy and Geology announced, 189
———, T. remarks on a picture by, 364
Philosophy, Female, 225
Pissevache, waterfall of, 191
Playing-Cards, pictorial, description of, 47, 110, 180, 238, 293, 355
Pleasures of Religion announced, 122
Poetry, 61, 124, 190, 252, 309, 379
Pope, Mrs. remarks on a picture by, 366
Potatoes, distillation of, 8—method of keeping, 102
Potter, Paul, remarks on a picture by, 358
Price, Mr. Rees, his Inquiry into the Case of the Princess Charlotte announced, 61—his translation of the Memoirs of the celebrated Dr. Gales of Paris announced, 61
Pride, 303
Purkis, John, review of his Favourite Airs from Il Don Giovanni, 109, 286
R.
Raphael's Cartoons, remarks on, 357
Reeds of the Tiber, 73, 139, 200
Regent's Latin Classics announced, 251
Rembrandt, remarks on a picture by, 360
Review of Music, 40, 103, 175, 229, 284, 349
Rhododaphne, or the Thessalian Spell, announced, 122
Richardson, C. C. Harvest, a poem by her, announced, 190
Richardson, Mrs. her translation of Eugenie et Matilde announced, 251, 378
Ries, F. review of his Autumn Violet, 105—his Irish Melody, 177
Rimbault, F. review of his Voluntary for the Organ, 233—his accompaniments to Mehul's celebrated Overture del Irato, 286
Robson, G. F. remarks on pictures by, 290
Rome, New Picture of, announced, 189
Ropy beer, remedy for, 8
Rördansz, C. W. his Mercantile Guide announced, 123
Ross, W. remarks on a picture by, 170
Royal Academy, exhibition at, 361

Rubens, his Triumph of Charity, 292—remarks on a picture by, 358
S.
St. Maurice, bridge of, 125
Sass, Henry, his Journey to Rome and Naples announced, 122
Scalds, remedy for, 102
Schlichtegroll, Dr. his Talhofer's Book of Combats announced, 60
Schreiber, A. his Traveller's Guide down the Rhine announced, 251
Selector, the, 51, 112, 300, 368
Seneca's Morals, new edition of, announ. 378
Sennefelder, Mr. translation of his History of Lithography announced, 250
Sensibility, misplaced, 335
Sentimental Travels to the South of France, 12, 66, 131, 192, 256, 315
Sharp, W. M. remarks on a picture by, 366
Shee, M. A. remarks on pictures by, 168, 363
Sheridan, Mr. anecdote of, 10
Sickler, Dr. F. Ch. L. his Survey of the Campagna di Roma announced, 59, 250
Simplon, picturesque tour of the, 1, 63, 125, 191, 244, 315
Singleton, H. remarks on a picture by, 367
Sion, account of, 253, 315
Sir James the Ross announced, 122
Smeall, Mr. his method of preventing hares, &c. from injuring fruit trees, 7
Smith, J. remarks on pictures by, 292
Soldiers of Venezuela, extract from, 112—announced, 122
Sotheby, Mr. sales by, announced, 251
Spagnoletti's Polacca for the Violin reviewed, 108
Stark, J. remarks on pictures by, 169
Steen, Jan, remarks on a picture by, 360
Stephanoff, F. P. remarks on pictures by, 289, 365
Stothard, T. remarks on a picture by, 363
Stroller's Tale, the, 19, 90, 147, 212
Styles, Rev. Dr. his Juvenilia announced, 251
Sydney, Sir Philip, observation of, 278
T
Table-Talk, 334
Tales of my Landlady announced, 122—extracts from, 300, 368
Talhofer's Book of Combats announced, 60
Tattler, the Female, 33, 97, 171, 217, 280, 345
Teniers, remarks on a picture by, 359
Thomson, S. P. his poem of Birkenhead Priory announced, 60
Tiber, Reeds of the, 78, 139, 200
Titian, remarks on a picture by, 360
Topliff, Mr. review of his "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," 283
Transactions of the Horticultural Society, extract from, 104
Travels to the South of France, 12, 66, 131, 192, 256, 315
Treatise on Algebra announced, 251
Turin, observations made at, 309—population of, 309
Turner, Mr. remarks on pictures by, 364
U.
Uwins, Dr. lectures by, 61
Uwins, T. remarks on pictures by, 289
V.
Valais, general description of the, 126
Valpy, Mr. his edition of the Delphin Classics announced, 378
Vandyke, remarks on a picture by, 358
Varillat, Madame, remarks on pictures by, 366
Verandah, iron, 344
Voight, Augustus, his Quadrilles reviewed, 286
W.
Walford, T. his Scientific Tourist through England, &c. announced, 378
Walton, Miss M. A. remarks on a picture by, 290
Walpole, Hon. Horace, letter of, 305
Ward, J. remarks on pictures by, 167, 366
Warner, Rebecca, Epistolary Curiosities by her announced, 189
Watkins, Dr. anecdote from his Life of Sheridan, 10
Watts, Mr. engraving of his portrait of the Prince of Hesse Homburg announced, 307
Wauthier, M. A. Dissected Terrestrial Globe by him announced, 60
Week's Holidays at Home, or the Townly Family, announced, 122
West, Mr. account of his painting of Death on the Pale Horse, 49—remarks on pictures by, 362
Westall, W. remarks on a picture by, 168
Westmacott, R. remarks on a piece of sculpture by, 367
Wetherington, W. F. remarks on a picture by, 366
Wheatstone, W. review of his Favourite Melodies of various Nations, 107
Whitaker, J. review of his Epicedium to the Memory of the Princess Charlotte, 42—"I have set God always before me," 43—"The cold wind has blighted the Flowers of May," 107—The Seraph, 229
White Lace Gown, the, 269
Wild, C. remarks on pictures by, 289
Wilkie, D. remarks on pictures by, 167, 364
Wilson, Mr. his Quadrille Figures announced, 378
Y.
Yosy, Mrs. her Constancy, or Leopold, announced, 378

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